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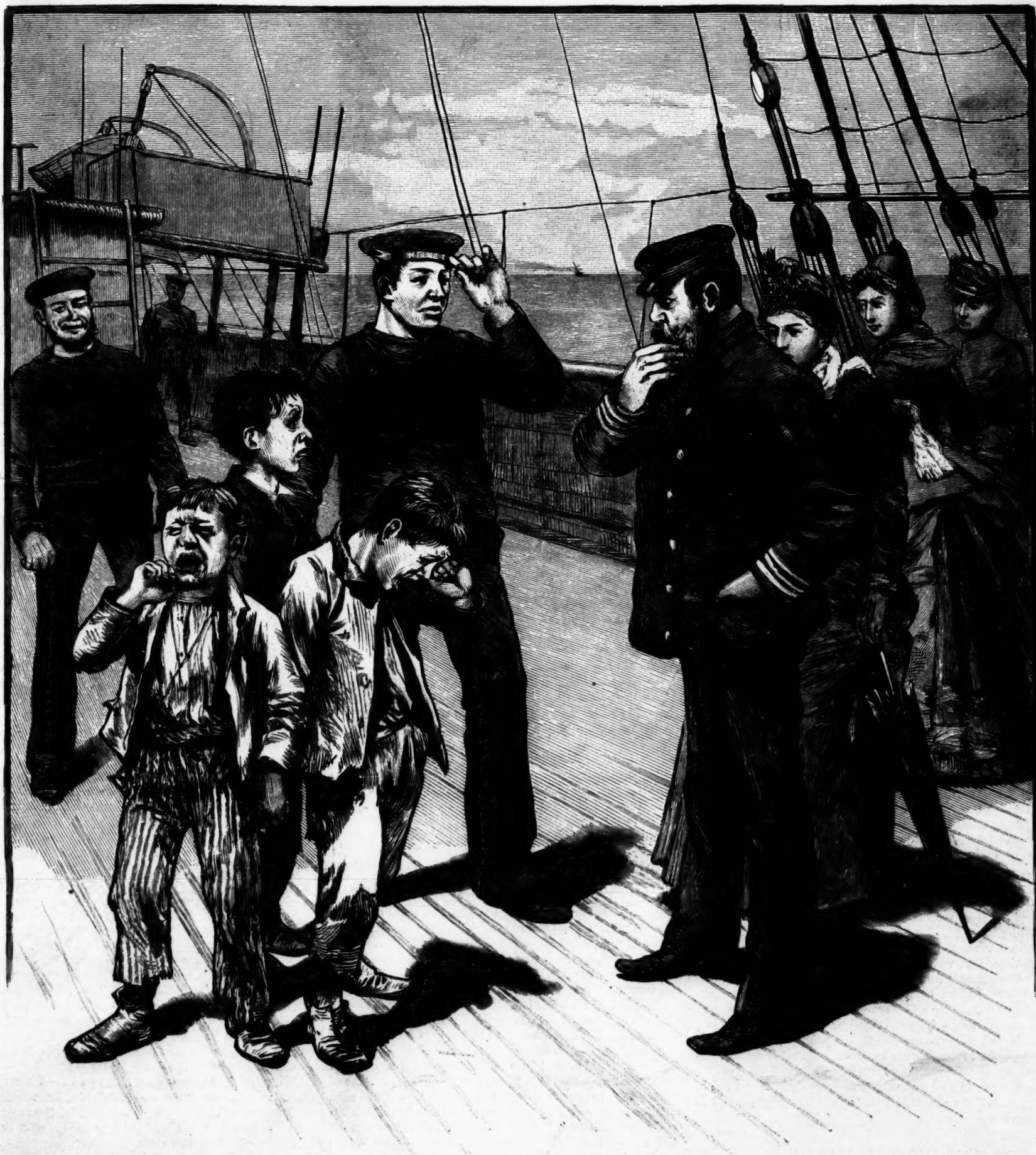
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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STEALING THEIR WAY TO THE LAND OF LIBERTY.—THREE STOWAWAYS DISCOVERED BETWEEN DECKS ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

SEE PAGE 327.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
NEW YORK, JULY 10, 1886.

THE FIRST TARIFF.

ON January 1st, 1791, the first permanent Tariff under the Constitution went into effect. Being based in its essential features upon recommendations made by the first Secretary of the Treasury, it is properly known as the Hamilton Tariff. It continued in force, its framework remaining unchanged, for a quarter of a century. It will be instructive, now that agitation of this subject is once more upon us, to inquire what was the character and what the effect of the most important Tariff in our history, and the one whose continuance was longest.

The preamble of the Act itself declares that the duties under it are imposed "for the discharge of the debts of the United States, and the encouragement and protection of manufactures." In other words, the Act had the two-fold purpose of securing revenue and affording protection. Both these desirable ends were sought, and both secured.

The Act placed a duty ranging from 20 to 35 cents per gallon on wines, and from 20 to 40 cents, as amended, on distilled spirits. Molasses paid 3 cents per gallon and sugar 1½, 2½ and 5 cents per pound. Coffee paid 4 and tea from 10 to 50 cents per pound, according to quality, place from which, and vessels upon which, imported. Cotton was charged 3, tobacco 6 and indigo 25 cents per pound. Salt was charged 12 cents a bushel, which in 1797 was increased to 20 cents, and 10 per centum additional if imported in foreign vessels. Carriages paid the highest *ad valorem* rate, 15½ per centum, and this was increased in 1794 to 20 per centum. China-ware, looking-glasses and manufactures of glass paid 12½ per centum. Paper, pictures, laces, jewelry, clocks, watches, etc., paid 10 per cent. Most other goods were made chargeable with an *ad valorem* duty of 5 and 7½ per cent. upon the home valuation. This was changed to a foreign valuation for all *ad valorem* goods in 1795.

During the first year of the Hamilton Tariff the average rate of duty on all merchandise was 8½ per cent. This was also the rate in 1796 and 1799. In 1805 the average rate expressed by a percentage was 10½, and in 1810 the rate was 10 per cent. In 1804 an additional duty of 2½ per cent. was imposed upon all merchandise then paying an *ad valorem* rate of duty. This was called the Mediterranean Fund, and was used to pay the blackmail levied by the Barbary States. On July 1st, 1812, all duties on all imported goods were increased 100 per cent. upon the urgent recommendation of Secretary Gallatin to meet the extraordinary exigencies of an impending war. This is the first appearance on the historical scene of the horizontal business. Under its malign influence and that of war, the revenues from customs fell from almost \$12,500,000 in 1802 and more than \$16,250,000 in 1808, to less than \$6,000,000 in 1814 and about \$7,250,000 in 1815. Under this horizontal burden and the changed commercial and financial conditions caused by war, it is not strange that the first great Tariff ceased to exist in 1816.

The Hamilton Tariff, while not perfect, judged in the light of to-day, accomplished both the purposes for which it was enacted. It must be remembered that the great Secretary was bending all his mighty energies to strengthen and establish on the solidest foundations the public credit. It was natural that he should lay a tax upon whatever articles of import gave promise of affording revenue. His policy also was to so adjust the necessary tax as to afford protecting aid to the feeble industries of that early period. Under this Tariff manufacturing multiplied and greatly expanded. The revenues proved ample to meet the current expenses of the Government, pay the interest on the public debt, inherited and contracted, and reduce that debt more than \$40,000,000.

Alexander Hamilton was then, as he is now, the highest authority to which to appeal on questions of finance and taxation. If the drivers and gabbler of to-day consulted this peerless statesman's Tariff and works, they would not be guilty of the mournful stupidity of believing that revenue and protection are in perpendicular antagonism, but would comprehend that they go hand in hand together. And other weaklings who assume to be wise would learn that taxes which are more than four-fold greater under a Government with a surplus revenue than were those imposed by our first Administration, which had no revenue at all, are probably unjust taxes that ought to be at once reduced. But it is easier, perhaps, to move towards the lower duties of our earlier Tariffs than to find a man who can properly adjust them. The Hamiltons are found in Trinity Churchyard, not in Congress.

LAW-AND-ORDER LEAGUES.

THE American people are suffering from a reign of lawlessness and disorder. The great body of the nation have only abhorrence for that condition out of which issue riots and lynchings; and the masses are affected only indirectly by these movements. But we are passing

through a period in which the elements that work for the disintegration of society are more powerful or more aggressive than ever before. It is, therefore, specially incumbent that every citizen who has at heart the public welfare should use his influence to bring back the reign of law and order. That many citizens are laboring to this end is evident.

In the Southwest this movement takes the form of associations known as the Law-and-order Leagues. These associations aim at the repression of those influences which tend to promote disorder, and seek to consolidate the best public sentiment against all forms of anarchy and violence. In Missouri, Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota and Indiana, where they now have an aggregate membership of 20,000, their principal object is to prevent labor disturbances and disownment strikes and boycotts. In some other places they have been specially interested in an endeavor to oblige liquor-dealers to observe the laws of the Commonwealth as to the prosecution of their traffic. They have attempted to enforce the law as to the sale of liquor to minors and habitual drunkards, and to prevent sales on Sunday. This purpose is most worthy. For, whatever may be one's personal habits as to the use of liquor, if he is a good citizen he will desire that the liquor-dealer should obey those laws which the public sentiment has seen fit to write upon the statute-book. As a matter of fact, it is notorious that saloon-keepers are proverbial for their disregard of the municipal and legislative requirements as to the conduct of their business. It is also notorious that the liquor-dealer has acquired a preponderating influence in the government of not a few of our great cities. The Law-and-order Leagues are formed not a day too soon to compel the law-breaker to keep the law, and to foster the growth of a public sentiment which shall dislodge these unworthy interests, and force men from positions which public apathy has allowed them to secure and to retain. This struggle is a struggle for law against lawlessness, for order and peace against disorder and anarchy. In the result it is certain that the better forces of society must prevail.

OUT-DOOR RECREATION FASHIONABLE.

THE time is not remote when our periodical literature abounded in warnings to men of sedentary life that out-door exercise was essential to their well-being, and the American living only for his business was contrasted unfavorably with the sport-loving, healthy Englishman. There is still opportunity for improvement, but in the last ten years there has been a great change for the better. Bicycling and tennis have been introduced within that time, and their votaries are numbered by tens of thousands. As a recent writer has remarked, "Where one fly-fisherman could be found in the United States ten years ago, there are probably ten now," and it is pleasant to find appreciation of this most delightful of out-door sports accompanied by a better understanding of the importance of fish and game laws, and of efforts to re-stock our rivers and lakes. Baseball seems to have held its own, lacrosse has been introduced of late years, cricket is growing in favor, canoeing has been taken up by an enthusiastic multitude, and as for yachting, the man does not live in New York or Boston who will confess entire ignorance of seamanship.

The fact is, that interest in out-door sports has become fashionable. The hero of summer-resort society is not the effeminate dude, nor the aesthetic young man who has some time been guilty of verse-writing, nor even the gilded youth who shines as a leader of cotillions. The places that they once filled are now occupied by the dashing cross-country rider, the brilliant polo-player, the tennis champion, or the stroke-oar of the victorious college crew. We may sneer at fashion all we please, but its influence is wellnigh irresistible. No one who goes about with his eyes open can fail to see that the "interesting invalid" type is no longer popular, and that an active interest in some form of out-door sports is now voted "the proper thing."

Perhaps the warnings of physicians and of writers, emphasized by many melancholy breakdowns on the part of young and middle-aged men, have had something to do with bringing this change about. Perhaps it is simply that the opportunities afforded by increased wealth and leisure have been utilized in ways perfectly natural to the Anglo-Saxon race. More than this, we have had unusual chances for obtaining hints from other races. We have learned fencing from the French and Italians; tennis, sparring and cricket from the English; and lacrosse from the Canadians. Our sports are cosmopolitan, but the national desire for superiority is always strongly manifested. It is more natural for the American than for the Englishman to look about for somebody to beat as soon as he takes up any form of athletic exercise, and the result is the infinite variety of contests which are chronicled throughout the Summer. Some of the immediate results are not fortunate. There are men outside of as well as in college who give too much attention to athletics; but the influence of the contests for which they train stimulates thousands of others to an interest in out-door sports simply as a means of exercise and recreation. In like manner the trial yacht-races of the present season and the final races for the *America's* cup will lead a multitude of people to take up some more or less modest form of yachting from which they will gain strength and vigor. All this is encouraging. It is

a good sign that manly men have come into fashion. It is significant that out-door recreation was recommended to our young men in the baccalaureate sermon recently delivered at our oldest institution of learning, Harvard College. The Rev. Dr. Peabody exhorted his hearers to care of body as well as mind, truly saying that a sound and healthy body is best calculated to repress the growth of morbid passions and appetites. The moral as well as the popular side of physical recreation finds able exponents in these days. It is pleasant to note, also, that the physical culture of young women marches apace with that of their brothers.

THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

IN the midst of labor agitation, though we are constantly reminded that Anarchists and Union men and Knights of Labor, and all the other noisy ones combined, do not number a tithe of the laboring population, we are still likely to overlook the fact that thousands of poor people are even now quietly staying in their lot, and enduring the limitations as well as the toils appointed them, with a patience that is little less than sublime. They have no philosophy to sustain them, little religion, no large views of the retributions that time brings round, and the ultimate triumph of right. They simply endure ill, as they have always endured it, "as a plain fact whose right or wrong they question not." "It's dogged as does it," said honest Hodge to Anthony Trollope's hard-headed Curate, not much believing in his innocence, not wondering much if so poor a man, though a priest, should come to be a thief; but stolidly certain that ills of whatever kind there was but one panacea—patience. "It's dogged as does it."

The patience of poor children and of sick men among the poor is a sight to make angels wonder; but even the common, everyday patience of those of them who suffer no extraordinary ills may well raise our estimate of humanity. To sleep cold, to have one's shoes ill-fitting, to have food not pleasant, but only such as will stop the clamoring appetite; to sit always in hard, uncomfortable chairs; to have hands always cracked and hard and uncomfortable, and clothes seldom fresh and never really comfortable—these are the common conditions of their life. Any one of them occurring to the prosperous man once, by way of exception or accident, will be enough to destroy his serenity, and will probably seem reason enough for a remission of his usual work. Let such a man fall ill, and a well-trained nurse will not suffice to care for him; there must be wife or mother or sister always near to smooth his pillow, to see that his food is dainty, to read to him, to amuse him and while away the leaden hours; but the laboring man knows nothing of illness such as this. Even the "unhandy care," which is the best that even love can give, may not often be his; quiet, solitude, refreshing silence are impossible in his crowded home; he may count himself happy, indeed, if to the pains of illness and the discomfort of crowding and neglect, is not added the harrowing pang of anxiety about his children's daily bread during his time of idleness. Yet he bears these complex sorrows in a silence that is truly marvelous.

It is well to mark this silence in these noisy days upon which we have fallen; for it calls louder upon the prosperous than do all the clamors of Anarchy. How long shall all these patient ones go on enduring woes that we know are preventable, though they know it not? Though the lips of their ignorance are mute, shall our conscience not speak? An entreaty that they do not comprehend looks up to us from the pitiful eyes of their patience; but our wider vision comprehends. The rights of labor are imperative though they be not urged; the obligations of prosperity are sacred, and may not be denied. This is a time of overturning, whether we will have it so or not, and of a readjustment of the relations of class and class. A social change no less fundamental than that which did away with the feudal system is imminent. It should come, not with violence, but with wise premeditation and willing recognition of the real conditions of things, and with a patience not less unwearied than that of the poor, the rich should meet the problems of our time.

THE LAW OF THE ANARCHIST TRIALS
IN CHICAGO.

ILLINOIS law, as administered in Chicago, gives the criminal his choice of the judge, among all the judicial officers of the city, before whom he will be tried. He has only to swear that all the others, by name, are prejudiced against him, and lo! by the hocus-pocus of the statute the question whether they are so prejudiced ceases to be a judicial one. The courts have no option but to respect the prisoner's choice, even though he swears falsely as to the facts in the case.

Whether the Anarchists of Chicago are before Judge Gary by force of their own affidavits, or whether his assignment to preside over the Criminal Court came by happy accident, in the nick of time for them, they have, in either case, got the right man for their side. Judge Gary is described as venerably youthful; fond of being a law unto himself in his own court; bristling with technicalities which tend conveniently to defeat justice; smart in his wit and indulgent in his conscience—and somewhat noted, withal, for the liberality and freedom of his rulings. The effort to try ballot-box stuffers before

him was turned into a farce by his jocose remark that "It's only the party that gets outvoted that desires a more honest vote. The party that wins is always satisfied with the honesty of the poll." Already Judge Gary is becoming funny in the Anarchist trials. If his wit rises to the brim, nothing short of the exhibition to the jury of the moldering remains of the eight dead policemen slain by the Anarchist bomb will prevent the trial from ending in a screaming farce.

The Anarchists will, of course, seek to try the case on the theory that no one but the person whose hand threw the bomb can be convicted. This is indicated both by the story already sprung by the defense that the bomb-thrower was shot by a policeman in another riot on the day after the tragedy, and also by Mrs. Parsons's frequent statement that Parsons cannot be convicted, since he did not belong to that branch of the Anarchists which was assigned to the duty of bomb-throwing. If such law as this is to prevail on the trial, the real case will not be tried at all.

If the prosecution shall prove that the Anarchist organization assigns one man to "mouth-work," or making speeches which incite to murder and riot, and another to "bomb-work," another to "torch-work," and another to finance, and so on, but that all are acting under a central direction and to a common end, then each is liable as principal for every act of all the others. The principle of confederacy in crime is the same as in the ordinary case of counterfeiting, where one engraves the die, or makes the amalgam, another turns out the coin, and still another circulates it. Each is guilty of the whole offense. Perhaps the Chicago Court will reverse all this, and will hold that the man who makes the bomb, or buys it, or confers with others as to the proper occasion for using it, and then in a public inflammatory speech incites to its use, is a citizen in good standing, while only the man who hurls the bomb is a murderer. If this be made the law for Anarchists, it will be found that when the bomb-thrower himself shall be on trial, the Anarchists will be fully equal to the occasion. They will then be ready to prove that the duty of bomb-throwing is assigned to unsophisticated members who imagine the bombs are filled with Anarchist tracts.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

THE elections in Great Britain commenced on Friday last, but at this writing the results do not justify any prediction as to the final outcome. Both parties claim to be confident of success, but the truth probably is that neither is entirely free from apprehensions of disaster. The utmost majority claimed by the Ministerialists is 20, while the Unionists, on the other hand, estimate their majority at from 40 to 60. So far as can be judged at this distance, the chances seem to favor the opponents of Home Rule, but the tide may possibly turn in the few days that remain. During the last week the campaign has grown in activity and violence, every part of the Kingdom having been penetrated by the foremost speakers of the opposing parties. The principal demonstration of the week on the Liberal side was that at Liverpool, where Mr. Gladstone made one of the most notable speeches of the canvass.

Mr. Parnell has addressed great meetings at Cardiff, Plymouth, Chester, and elsewhere, and it is said that his speeches have made a profound impression, making it necessary for Lord Salisbury and other Conservative leaders to follow in his wake in order to prevent a wholesale defection from their ranks. In all his speeches Mr. Parnell has broadly declared against total separation, and given the most positive assurance that the rights of the Protestant minority should be respected, and that Ireland as a whole would accept the present settlement. Lord Salisbury has felt constrained to deny that the late Conservative Government authorized any negotiations to secure Irish support, but the fact remains that Mr. Parnell was approached by Lord Carnarvon, and led to believe that the Cabinet was ready, on certain conditions, to grant Home Rule to Ireland. One of the striking incidents of the campaign is the contest which Mr. Thomas Sexton is making in Belfast. The Orangemen have done everything in their power to prevent his securing a hearing, abusing him personally and assailing his adherents at every opportunity; but he has stubbornly stood his ground, and if success is possible he will achieve it. Mr. Bright, who has been re-elected without opposition, committed himself, in an address at Birmingham on Thursday last, "against anything in any shape called a Parliament at Dublin." Mr. Frederick Harrison, who represents the highest culture of England, will contest the seat of the London University as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone against Sir John Lubbock, who is in rebellion, and the Nationalists have decided to contest Dublin University.

THE PAN-ELECTRIC MATTER.

THE reports from the committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate the Pan-electric scandal show how impossible it is for the average Congressman to rise above partisan considerations. The committee has nine members. Of these four, all Republicans, unite in a report putting the worst possible construction on the acts of certain prominent Democrats connected with the Pan-electric Company, and violently arraigning Attorney-general Garland as guilty of offense worthy of impeachment. Four others, all Democrats, see nothing whatever to condemn in the action of Mr. Garland or his associates in the Pan-electric management. One other, also a Democrat, differs from all his associates in some matters of detail, but agrees as to essential points with the Democratic report. The conclusions of both the majority and the minority are plainly determined by partisan relations—the Democrats seeking to exculpate the Attorney-general because he is an official of their party, and the Republicans condemning him because in doing so they can make a point against the Administration.

While this inability of the members of the committee to rise superior to the claims of partisanship and judge the case before them with strict impartiality is to be lamented, it must be said that Mr. Garland has no reason to be grateful for the manner in which his friends have presented his case. The ground taken by them is that the Pan-electric Company had the right to give \$8,500,000 of its stock, out of a total of \$5,000,000, to "gentlemen of distinction and social position" in order to float the enterprise into success;

that the fact that one of these gentlemen was then a Senator and is now an Attorney-general does not indicate that there was any mutual understanding that his official power would be used in aid of the enterprise; that, as the stock was worthless when given to Mr. Garland, it had then no value as a bribe; that, as he did not in person permit the use of the name of the United States in the suit which was instituted against the Bell Telephone patent by his associate stockholders, there was no bribery; and that, as Mr. Goode, the Solicitor-general who did give this permission, owned no stock in the Pan-electric Company, received no orders from Mr. Garland, and did not know that the latter was a stockholder, Goode's act was his own, and not the Attorney-general's.

The fallacy of such a defense is obvious. It assumes that the House can impeach, and the country can condemn, a high public officer only when the fact of explicit and outright bribery is proven. That this is an unsound legal assumption goes without saying. If a high official, whether Senator or Attorney-general, permits his name and influence to be employed in support of doubtful schemes, either to impose upon investors of money or to annoy rival concerns, however unscrupulous or mischievous the latter may be, certainly such a course is a prostitution of official influence wholly incapable of defense. But the fact is that there is no evidence anywhere that Mr. Garland went into the Pan-electric Company with any intention to bolster a fraudulent scheme, or has done anything, officially, to promote its fortunes. In point of fact, the members of the Investigating Committee who so sharply criticize him are doing more by their report to promote the interests of the Bell Telephone Company than he has ever done in behalf of its weakling rival.

That Mr. Garland was unwise in becoming a stockholder while occupying an official position, and that in remaining so he has impaired his public usefulness, there can be no doubt. In this respect, however, he is no more an offender than scores of his assailants. As to the action of the Law Department of the Government in authorizing a suit against the Bell Company, it was, as we said at the time, fully justified by precedents.

But, in any view of the case, it is apparent that Mr. Garland's usefulness as Attorney-general is at an end, and his resignation or removal, in deference to public opinion, should not be postponed. There is no proof, no belief among fair-minded men, that he has been corrupt or governed by a bad intent, but he has been imprudent and unfortunate, and a proper regard for all the high interests involved requires that he should retire from the position which he can no longer fill with acceptance.

THE warm weather is having a bad effect on the temper and manners of members of Congress. Last week there were several hot encounters in the House, even Mr. Randall and Mr. Holman setting the bad example of getting angry over the merest trifle, while in other cases the sharpest sort of personalities were indulged in by excited disputants, "greatly to the amusement of the House." It is not to the credit of the Democrats that these quarrels are for the most part on their side of the Chamber. They are, of course, attributed in part to the disappointments and antagonisms created by the failure of the Tariff Bill proposed by Mr. Morrison, but no mere personal grievance can justify a violation of parliamentary courtesy or a breach of legislative good manners.

CERTAIN members of the House of Representatives, who are suspiciously solicitous to prevent the exposure of fraudulent land entries, made an effort, last week, to defeat any appropriation to be used in continuing the investigations which have disclosed so many rascally impositions upon the Government. For a day it looked as if this effort might succeed, but the debate exposed so clearly the motives of those engaged in it, that the House finally adopted the proposed appropriation of \$90,000 by an almost unanimous vote, thus securing, so far as that body is concerned, a vigorous prosecution of the necessary work. It was developed during the discussion that at least two of the members who opposed the appropriation held "peculiar" relations to certain combinations of persons who have fraudulently acquired possession of large tracts of public land.

VERY few people deny the theoretical right of mothers to a first voice in the training of their children; but when it comes to the supervision of schools where these children are educated, there is still a conservative prejudice against the admission of women to places upon school boards. That this opposition is sustained by anything more than prejudice is yet to be demonstrated. The experiment of electing women upon school committees has been tried in various parts of New England, in New York, and the West. We have yet to learn of the failure of the experiment, and we believe it has been proved that the influence of women has been almost invariably for good. In the City of Brooklyn the proportion of female teachers to male is 29 to 1, and the Rev. Dr. R. I. Storrs has been urging Mayor Whitney to appoint women upon the Board of Education as a measure of common fairness. This would certainly be only an act of justice, elsewhere as well as in Brooklyn.

WHAT with new issues of one sort and another, party lines in many States are likely to be pretty effectually broken up in the coming Fall elections. In Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and some other States, Prohibition is the disturbing question; while in Illinois and a number of Western States the Labor movement is the demoralizing element. In Illinois the workingmen generally are going into politics, and as they are well organized, it is not improbable that they will have the balance of power in the next Legislature, while in some of the Congressional districts it is regarded as possible that representatives in sympathy with their views may defeat the Bourbons of either party. In other States where there is a strong Labor vote the political managers are sorely troubled over the prospect of a break-up of old party relations, and the possible supremacy of the Independent voter. Non-partisans view the situation with equanimity, since no order of things, politically, could be worse, in some of these States, than that which has heretofore obtained.

THE indisposition of our best citizens to take part in the management of political affairs is greatly to be lamented. The result of this abstention is that the mercenary and unscrupulous dictate all important nominations, and become practically supreme in the management of all political movements. Recently, Hon. Levi P. Morton was elected Chairman of the Republican County Committee of New York. For years that committee has failed to command the confidence of many of the better class of Republicans in the city, for the reason that it has seemed to represent, to some extent, the trading factions rather than the best sentiment of the party. It was felt that Mr. Morton's appointment to the chairmanship would greatly strengthen it in the confidence of the community, and afford some sort of guarantee that its methods would be honorable and clean. There was no apparent reason why he should refuse to serve, but in a letter just published he announces that he must decline to do so, for the want of time to attend properly

to the duties of the position. In every aspect of the case, this declination is to be regretted. Every citizen, of course, owes it to himself to look after his individual affairs, but he owes something also to the community in which he lives and the party to which he belongs; and until the men who are most concerned in securing good government and pure politics shall see that it is their duty to sacrifice something of personal convenience, and engage in active efforts in behalf of reform in political methods, it is idle to expect that such reform can ever be accomplished.

THE Democrats of Virginia are not yet done with Senator Mahone, or, rather, the Senator is not done with them. After last Fall's election, they supposed that they had him permanently beaten; and this belief, together with the statement that he proposed to leave the State, filled them with elation and happiness. But it turns out, according to the *New York World*, that the Senator doesn't propose to leave the State; that he doesn't consider himself crushed; and that, in fact, being as full of vigor as ever, he means to make a fight in every Congressional district, and give his enemies just as much trouble as possible whenever an opening is presented. All this is no doubt annoying to the Democratic leaders, but the country at large will contemplate with a good deal of complacency the renewal of the struggle for the control of Virginia politics. It is not at all likely that Mahone can recover the supremacy he has lost, but he can at least keep a strong minority party in the field, and that fact will make the majority more careful than they would be otherwise, and so will promote the interests of good government in the State at large.

OF all the indefensible strikes that have so lately demoralized business, that of the Chicago railroad switchmen has the least justification, and in its inception and execution has been so lawless and so utterly regardless of life and property, that no repressive measures employed against it can be too severe. The strikers had no complaint to make about wages, or the hours of labor; they simply demanded the dismissal of a number of faithful employees of the railroads, who would not join their association, and this demand being refused, they stopped work. Sufficiently un-American as the strike was in its conception, it was still more so in its execution, and the respectable public will fail to see much difference between the Anarchist throwing bombs into a crowd of police and switchmen derailing a train of cars at the imminent peril of life. If labor organizations desire to command the sympathy and respect of those whose good opinion is worth having, they must not only disown such lawless methods, but also dismiss from their societies, and debar from membership, all who would advocate or engage in such cowardly practices.

THE people of the County of Copiah, in Mississippi, have determined not to recede from their purpose to maintain a better and more favorable name than they formerly enjoyed. With a view to putting an effective end to the political brawls and violence which have brought the county into reproach, they have just reaffirmed, by a decisive majority, the vote of one year ago prohibiting the liquor traffic within the county limits. The result is both creditable and natural. The benefits resulting from one year's enforcement of the prohibitory laws have been so marked that any reversal of the county policy would have justly exposed the population to the censure of all right-thinking people everywhere. Judging from the popular displays of enthusiasm over the result of last week's voting, there is little danger that the stand now taken will be abandoned. Business seems to have been entirely suspended in order that all, including women and children, might participate in the canvass, and when the result was announced the rejoicing was universal. Cannon boomed, church-bells rang, and unbounded enthusiasm prevailed everywhere. It was a notable incident of the contest that colored men voted largely for prohibition.

THE season of American Opera, or Opera sung by Americans, which began at the New York Academy of Music on the 4th of January last, closed at Albany on Saturday night, the 26th ult. During these twenty-four weeks, 132 performances were given—sixty-six in New York and Brooklyn, and the same number during the nine weeks' tour, which took in the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany. The success of the Company, both artistic and financial, has exceeded the expectations of its most enthusiastic friends. Half of the total number of representations were devoted to *Glück* and *Wagner*. Everywhere large audiences were delighted with singers, orchestra and *mise en scène*, no less than with the fresh and classic repertory. The prospects for the permanent organization of a National Opera and a National Conservatory of Music are brilliant. Local organizations tributary to the parent one in New York have already been formed in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis, Cleveland and Louisville, with substantial moneyed support. In short, Mrs. Thurber, Mr. Locke and Mr. Thomas have accomplished such wonders in their first year's work, that we may rejoice in being at last well on the road to the achievement of a truly American Opera—by which is meant the music of a native composer, wedded to the words of a native poet, and sung in our own language by singers either American-born or Americanized.

NOVA SCOTIA's movement in favor of secession has temporarily put a damper on a pet Canadian scheme for quick communication with Europe. The plan has been to secure subsidies from the Canadian Government for a fast steamship line from Halifax to Liverpool, which should make the passage in between four and five days. It is estimated that, with the Canadian Pacific in first-class running order, the journey from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Montreal can be made in five days, and from Montreal to Halifax in fifteen hours, making about ten days from British Columbia to Liverpool by Canadian lines, and removing the necessity of going to New York to take fast steamships. But if Nova Scotia is to secede and Halifax to be practically a foreign port, any motion for a subsidy will be rejected. Another plan for a freight steamship line by way of Hudson's Bay seems very nearly abandoned. A railroad from Winnipeg to the Bay was contemplated, with an ocean line, probably, from Fort Churchill, which is a thousand miles nearer Liverpool than Montreal. This would have greatly cheapened the transportation of cattle. Various parties spent last winter at Hudson's Bay to observe the temperature and movements of the ice; one party, however, deserted its post before the expiration of its time. The result is a general agreement that Hudson's Bay would be open for navigation less than four months in the year. This fact, together with the necessarily high rates of insurance, will undoubtedly prevent the establishment of any freight line further to the north. In the northwest, however, where the isothermal lines curve northward, an American railroad to Alaska is deemed among the possibilities. But this kind of railroad-building seems to be a hazardous experiment.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 327.



EGYPT.—THE SPHINX AT GHIZEH, NEAR CAIRO, WITH THE EXCAVATIONS IN PROGRESS.



FRANCE.—THE COMTE DE PARIS, RECENTLY EXPelled FROM THE REPUBLIC, AND HIS FAMILY.



HUNGARY.—M. KOLOMAN TISZA, PRIME MINISTER.



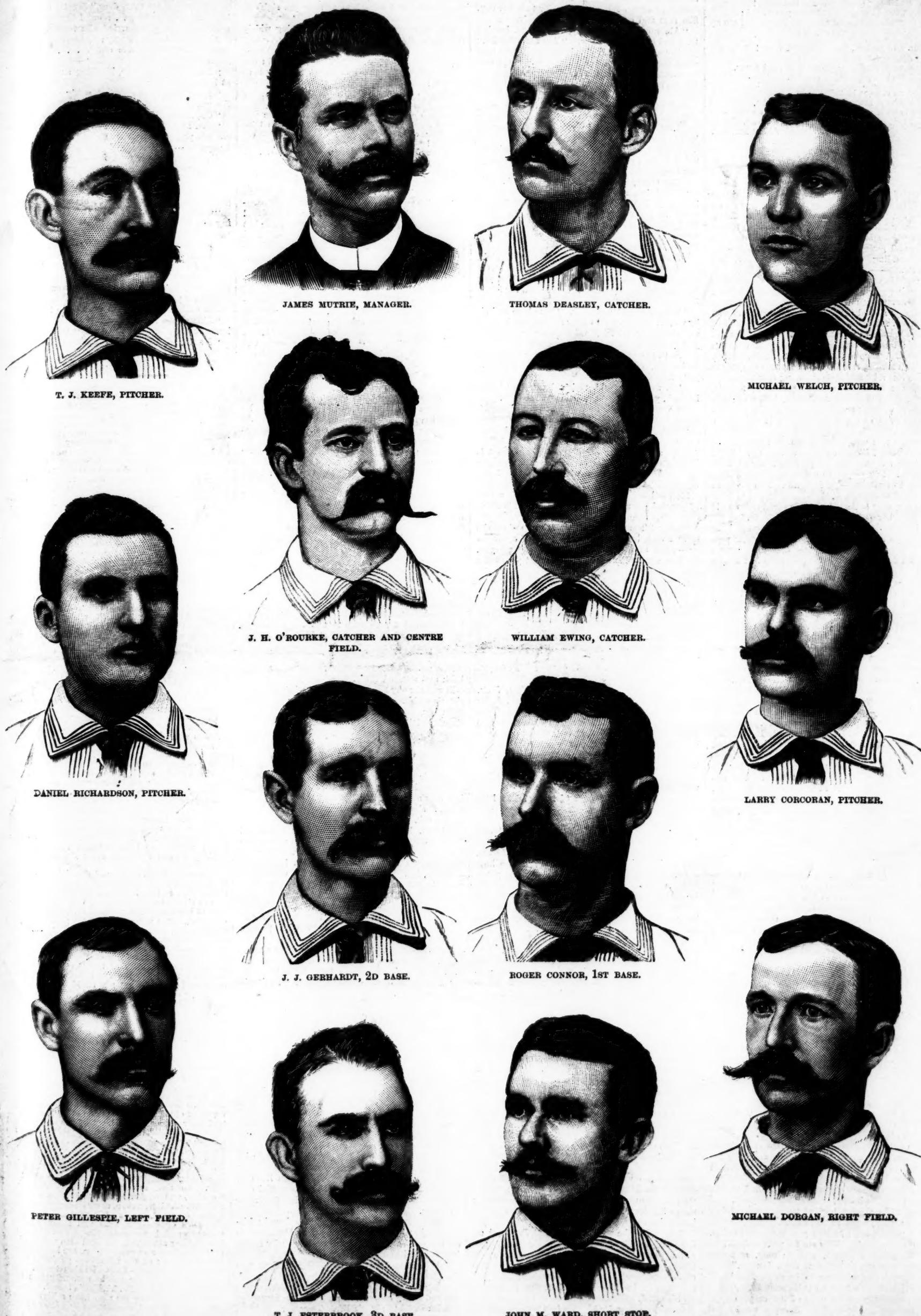
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE ACROSS THE THAMES, IN LONDON.



IRELAND.—THE RECENT RIOTS AT BELFAST—POLICE CHARGING THE MOB.



AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS AT BUDA-PESTH AGAINST THE MINISTRY.



PORTRAITS OF THE MANAGER AND MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK BASEBALL CLUB.
FROM PHOTOS BY J. WOOD.—SEE PAGE 327.

CONTRADICTION.

I SAID to you No—and No—no—no! Your face grew white as you heard: Whom else in the world would have loved me so And—taken me at my word?

But now to you, Yes—yes—yes, I say! Ah, now, that you cannot hear; And now that your eyes are turned away, I beckon to bring you near.

And so it goes in this life of ours, There is always too much at stake, We cannot guess at the thorns, for flowers— Nor at joy, for the hearts that break.

MARY AINGE DEVERE.

LILIAN.

BY MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THEY had been engaged a month. The village had buzzed audibly over the news that Jack Murray had come home from Arizona to marry his old playmate, Janette Prayn, and had furthermore bought an interest in Grayton Mills, and gone into business with all his energy. The wedding was arranged for October, and meanwhile—

Yes. He was bound to Janette. There was no forgetting nor ignoring of the fact—but Lilian? His heart tugged at its chain each time she spoke to him or looked his way. The silken bond had become a fetter. Janette was the Janette he had always known—a womanly presence, gracious and gentle; but he had come home to find Lilian a beautiful surprise. Bright, audacious, willful, almost reckless, she darted about from gayety to gayety like a humming-bird among roses. A dance here, a ride there, a moonlight row, flowers, music, little notes of invitation, boxes of bonbons—from week's end to week's end the bright routine went on; and Jack, whom it did not in any way concern, kept up his impatient protest.

"Can't you see, Janette, that it is wrong for you to allow Lilian to go on in this way? A girl of sixteen should not be permitted such entire freedom. You ought to curb her a little. It is wrong to the child—an injustice. You stand in the place of a mother."

"Jack, dear! As if I possibly could curb her!"

"Well, her father—some one ought to."

"But she doesn't do anything wrong. She likes to be gay—that is natural; and these young people about are boys and girls that have grown up with her—neighbors and classmates. I do not see how she possibly could be harmed."

"But she is away from home nearly every day, and all her evenings are taken up with Tom, Dick and Harry. Her own people scarcely get a glimpse of her."

"Well, it's vacation now, you know, and besides, in a little while, when I am gone, Lilian will have to settle down. She will know the weight of care soon enough."

Janette was smiling tenderly, but she could not smile away the gloom from her lover's face.

"I have scarcely patience with you, Janette," he said, almost angrily. "Settle down? The girl is utterly spoiled for anything like domestic life. Do you suppose she will ever fill your place to your father and the children? It was very unfortunate for her that she was left without a mother."

Tears filled Janette's eyes. She bit her lip hard in the effort to restrain them. Why was Jack always so severe in his censure on Lilian, and through Lilian on her? Why did he alone seem to regard with intolerance this bright young creature whom all the world loved.

This sad questioning had been growing daily in Janette's meek, loving heart. Suddenly Jack flung himself down beside her and kissed her cheek.

"Don't be sad, dear. I only meant that she—that Lilian seems too independent of us all, and for so young a girl . . . but of course, it is not your fault, Janette—and shall I—shall I reason with her? Do you think it would do any good?"

"Not the least bit in the world, dear; but, you might try."

Jack did try the very next morning. Janette took the children and went down to the village, to give him an opportunity to deliver his lecture in good form. He found Lilian dawdling over a late breakfast, untidy as usual, but as usual exquisitely clean. Her wrapper had a torn sleeve that showed the ivory of one rounded arm—her hair was tumbling from its silky braids. She looked like a fresh-crushed rose.

Jack had dressed himself with unusual care; but, then, he was going up to the city on business presently.

"Well, Lilian!"

"How nice you look!" she said, with a smile, bright and indifferent. "I am so tired. We did not get home till three this morning. I waltzed my feet right through my slippers."

"We?"

"George Archer and Harry Chase came home with me. I'm sorry I'm so very tired. We arranged to go up to Eagle Rock this afternoon. I don't see how I can."

"I don't see how you can." He had walked away to the window, but now came back and seated himself near her, at the breakfast-table. "You are a puzzle to me, Lilian."

"A puzzle, am I? Will you have some coffee. It isn't very warm. Why am I a puzzle, Jack?"

"Well, not a puzzle, either; only, it seems strange you are so different from Janette."

"Should you wish me to be more like her?" she asked, with a curious half-smile, balancing a spoon carefully on the edge of her empty cup.

"In one respect, yes. Janette would not spend her time running about with a crowd of insignificant young men, for example."

"But I am a very insignificant person," she retorted, calmly.

"You will let yourself become insignificant," he

said, gravely. "You are wasting your thought and time on people who are no way worthy—"

Lilian's spoon fell with a clatter into her cup. She rose and crossed the room quickly.

"Ah, now you are angry," Jack said, leaning back and looking after her. "You are offended."

"Not a bit offended. I only thought I would get some work. Then I could listen to your lecture with some comfort. This is Harry Chase's glove." She had begun to mend the torn finger. "Is he one of the insignificant people? Surely," she looked at him archly, "you can't say that of a millionaire's son?"

"I should not say it in any case if I thought he was really dear to you."

"Harry? Oh, no. He's a good boy—he's devoted to me; but I should never think of marrying him."

"The other, I suppose, is the favorite."

"Which other? George Archer. He's lovely, isn't he? Yes, I like George, but I like him so much that I can't love him. Don't you see? Well, then, there is Louis Best, the two Whittakers—they certainly go into the list—and—Shall I name any more?"

"It isn't necessary." Jack was looking straight across the table, trying to keep back the angry flush that he felt rising to his cheek. "I see you have no use for my advice. You resent my interference."

"I don't resent anything. Come here and sit by me. I am willing to hear all you may have to say about my friends. Of course you won't be just to them; that's not to be expected."

"Not to be expected? I should very much like to know why I have any motive to be unjust to your friends!"

"Oh, well," she said, resignedly, "the trouble is, Jack, you're in love with me yourself."

With startled air he looked at her an instant. Then a smile broke slowly over his face.

"Well, that is a singular assertion," he remarked, after a rather long silence.

"Yes; but the most singular thing about it is, that it's true," she retorted, with a perfectly unmoved air. "That's where the singularity comes in."

He bit his lip, still regarding her with a sort of puzzled yet tolerant look. Suddenly his whole expression changed.

"Lilian," he said, abruptly crossing to where she sat, "I wish to God you were more of a woman or—more of a child. I can't understand you. Do you try to bewilder me—to make yourself a mystery?"

"I don't try to make myself anything," she retorted, raising her free, calm glance to his troubled face. "I don't see why you can't understand me. I understand you. I have only been afraid that Janette would understand you, too."

"But if this that you say is true—if I have been so unfortunate as to give my heart one way and my word another—surely you might have some thought for me, some consideration! Why do you delight to make me suffer?"

"Why? Because you ought to suffer, Jack. Because, if I met you half way, you would throw Janette aside without one qualm of conscience—Janette, who is worth a dozen of such women as I am. I may be frivolous and trifling, Jack; but I have my own ideas of honor, too."

"You are a miserable flirt!" he said, slowly and bitterly.

"That's not true, Jack!" but her young face wore a strange, hard smile.

"Talk of honor—you talk of honor? You have neither heart nor conscience—"

"Jack!"

Her voice stopped him half-way in the sentence. A burning flush had spread over her face, and the next instant she burst into a wild passion of tears, and rushed out of the room sobbing like a hurt child. That was the end of Jack's reasoning with Lilian. When they met at dinner she was her bright, pleasant self again, smiling and talking gayly; but Jack felt that the distance between them had widened to a deep, impassable gulf, that neither word nor smile could cross.

Lilian's terrible frankness had defined his position and placed it openly before his eyes. And it had also shown him an undreamed of force and courage in her character. With the restless passion her mere beauty had inspired, there began to mingle a higher form of admiration, and for the first time the thought of breaking his engagement to Janette took form in his mind. This, too, might be done with her full consent, if he could make up his mind to throw himself entirely on her generosity and tenderness. She had been so good to him always—a friend, a sister, since he could remember, almost. Would she be less good to him now, if he came to demand from her the willing sacrifice of her dearest joys and hopes? He knew she loved—had loved him always, and man's logic, by degrees, made it very clear in his mind that this love should flow to the making of his happiness, and to the total renunciation, if need be, of her own. Why else were women made compassionate as angels and heroic as martyrs? Kind, happy Janette, little dreaming that she was expected to pose in either or both of these difficult positions, wondered at Jack's strange, restless manner, and went on smiling securely above her lace ruffles and embroideries and her happy dreams.

It is not to be wondered at that Jack put off from day to day Janette's disillusionment. But a time came, after one of Lilian's rare evenings at home, when she had been more lovely, more gracious, more tender, subdued, thoughtful and loving than he had ever known her, that Jack made up his mind, with masculine vigor, to a final and determined effort for his freedom before another sun should set. He had seen of late an unmistakable sadness in Lilian's eyes, a wistful anxiety that not all her pretty smiles could cover; and on this especial evening her hand had lingered long in his, and her glance had met his own with re-

sponsive kindness. He left her, thrilled and restless, his heart beating wildly at the thought that to-morrow would bring him at least the right to throw himself at her feet.

But to-morrow brought him something widely different. By breakfast-time the whole household was in wild consternation; Lilian had disappeared. Her pretty white bed was unruled; but on its pillow lay this little note, addressed to Janette:

"Don't be troubled or unhappy. I have gone away, of my own free will, to be married. Tell papa—tell every one to forgive me, and love me, until I come again. I will surely return in time for your wedding, dear, dear, precious darling Janette! You will not miss me much. You have your kind, good Jack to comfort you. And papa will not miss me, for he has you. But you must all love me, and know that, wherever I am, I must always be your own true, loving Lillian."

And this was the end of Jack's feverish dreaming, of his plans and hopes and strong resolves! His high-built castles lay in ruins round him; but no one knew, thank God! of the wreck and havoc in his life! Janette hung sobbing on his shoulder. He shuddered as he kissed her, thinking how closely she had passed to a keener and more lasting sorrow. He could not comfort her, he was too deeply hurt himself.

The excited talk, the conjectures of the assembled household maddened him. No one had any definite ideas on the subject; but what could it matter whom she had married?—George Archer, young Whittaker, little Harry Chase—she was lost, gone beyond his reach for ever, beyond the passionate following of his thoughts. Of what avail had been his manhood, his strength, and ardor, and determination? Fate had cast them aside like straws in the wind . . . and to another man had been tossed gayly the treasure he would have struggled and died to win. It was all over. It was all over. These words kept repeating themselves through his brain. Whether he discussed the matter gravely with Dr. Prayn, or talked soothingly to Janette, or answered the children's thousand questions, this sad refrain rung in his ears: "It was all over!"

As the days went on the fact of Lilian's flight was followed by the discovery of another fact—that George Archer and Harry Chase were both missing. This established at once the personality of the bridegroom. Archer had always been a favored admirer of Lilian's, and as Harry, though an admirer also, was Archer's bosom friend, the sequence, of course, seemed very plain. Harry, who was exceedingly wealthy, and the soul of generosity besides, must have placed money at the disposal of the young couple, for Archer was not known to have any visible means of support.

"But what a rash step it was for Lilian, young, too—to leave her comfortable home and go off with one who might be a worthless adventurer for anything that was known of him in Grayton."

And so the tongues wagged, until Lilian came back and stopped them.

It was the day before the one appointed for her sister's wedding. Yet they had received no word from her, beyond her little farewell note, until they heard her voice in the porch. It was nearly twilight. Tea was just over. The children were dawdling at the table, Janette was talking to her father near his desk, Jack was smoking, and the roses from the porch were trailing over and nodding their pretty red faces through the window.

No one heard the gate click, nor the footsteps, but they all heard Lilian's first word. "Home! home!" she called out, in a gay voice that broke into a sob.

Wicked, heartless girl! Unfeeling daughter! The tempest that met her was a storm of kisses—and embraces—of sobs and laughter. But what was Harry Chase doing, holding his hat apologetically, in the background, with his usual little mild air of wonder? He was doing nothing, quite contentedly, until Lilian drew him forward with both her pretty hands, and said, "My husband," when he proceeded to kiss, shake hands and even embrace his new relatives with prompt enthusiasm.

"Harry Chase!" cried Janette, in utter amazement. "You don't really mean that you've married Harry Chase? Is it a joke, Lilian?"

"I think it is an excellent joke for me," said Harry, radiant.

"Of course I've married Harry. You didn't suppose I'd marry any one else?" Lilian asked, reproachfully.

"Certainly not," said Janette, still bewildered. "But you were always playing off little pranks on Harry. You know you were."

"She has played the final one," said Harry, with an air of fond ownership; "there are no more pranks to be laid at Mrs. Chase's door."

"Mrs. Chase! Mrs. Chase!" The children seized on the name instantly and began a wild dance of delight around its owner. It was altogether such a wonderful idea that Lilian should be Mrs. Anything.

Jack had kissed her heartily with the rest; he had shaken hands and congratulated the smiling Harry, and then stood apart, looking on like one in a dream. He noticed the large, beautiful diamonds that glittered from the bride's fair neck and ears.

"Poor, empty, worthless heart," he thought, bitterly, "you have brought your price!" Through all the years of his life he never knew why Lilian had married Harry Chase.

But Janette knew in time. When Jack was dead, and she had lived through her widowhood, and her children and Lilian's children were courting and being courted, she learned the unwritten romance of her sister's life. They were talking, as gray-haired women will, of love and marriage, and the heart's deep joys and sorrows, when Lilian said, earnestly:

"You must have wondered often, Janette, about my marriage, because you knew me too well to be-

lieve, as many did, that I married Harry for his wealth."

"Oh, never for that, dear," Janette said. "I know you never did . . . but I have wondered sometimes—if you married him for love."

"No," said Lilian, simply; "I married him because I loved some one else . . . because I loved Jack."

"Jack!" said Janette, blushing as she looked at her. "My Jack!"

"Your Jack." She smiled softly as she said the words.

"Oh, Lilian!"

"Yes, I loved him dearly; so dearly, Janette! I can tell you now—it is all so long ago! Janette, I suppose a quiet nature like yours could never realize all my poor, wild, foolish heart endured through those weeks after Jack came back from Arizona and before I went away with Harry. I was so glad when he asked me to be his wife."

"Oh, my poor Lilian!" Janette's tears are flowing fast as she holds her sister's hand. "And I never dreamed—"

"No one dreamed of it, dear—Jack, least of all," said Lilian, calmly. I lived it down, years and years ago. And I have been happy with my dear, good Harry, in our comfortable, commonplace way. Yet, you see I've had my romance, too, like other people."

She smiled, but her eyes were full of tears.

"Lilian, dear! And you loved Jack, and—you knew that he loved me. Oh, that was hard!"

"I am glad I loved him," Lilian said.

SALEM, PAST AND PRESENT.

ANOTHER municipal event in a famous old town of New England! Not a two hundred and fiftieth birthday anniversary, such as Springfield and Providence have just commemorated—for Salem reached that date of her history ten years ago—but the semi-centennial of her incorporation as a city. This anniversary was marked on Monday last (the 5th inst.), by a prodigality of decoration, processions, speech-making and banqueting unusual in that staid and quiet city. But there is no need of such adventitious aid as a municipal festival to make Salem an interesting subject of picture and reminiscence.

She is the oldest town in Massachusetts, after Plymouth; her first house having been built by Roger Conant and his companions in 1626. The place was at that time called by its Indian name of Naumkeag. John Endicott and his company landed there in 1629. The town was incorporated as the capital of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, but retained that eminence only until Governor Endicott was superseded by Governor Winthrop in 1630. The first Puritan church in America was established here in 1629, with the Rev. Francis Higginson as its pastor, and its modest house of worship was erected five years later. This structure, after serving as a "town-house" and then as a tavern, fell into a condition of "mild decay," and was taken down in 1884. Its frame, however, was carefully preserved, and, restored to its original mortises, with a new external covering, was set up in the rear of Plummer Hall, where it remains to-day an object of veneration and of pious pilgrimages.

It was in the year 1692 that the fanatical delusion of witchcraft seized Salem like a contagion. It lasted about a year before the reaction came, during which time nineteen alleged witches and wizards were hung on Gallows Hill. This eminence of sinister memory is to-day covered with streets and buildings, being in the midst of the leather-manufacturing district. During the excitement of the witchcraft trials, conferences and sessions of the Grand Jury were held at the house of Judge Corwin, which landmark stands to-day, a dilapidated relic, on the corner of Essex and North Streets, in the heart of the city. It is a two-story frame building, weatherbeaten and worn, and its upper story can almost be touched from the ground. It is a veritable

Danvers, which was originally a portion of Salem. P. S. Gilmore, the now famous New York bandmaster, was before his days of fame the leader of a small brass band in Salem. O. B. Frothingham, the well-known agnostic, was for many years a Salem pastor.

To-day, Salem is a prosperous manufacturing city, and a seaport with a large and increasing coasting trade. Its population probably falls little short of 30,000 inhabitants. Its site is peculiar, occupying a flat peninsula between two arms of the sea, called North and South Rivers. The city is well built; and, as a municipality, it has for its size as fine public buildings, parks, churches, museums, etc., as any city in the Union.

ADVENTUROUS STOWAWAYS.

MANY readers who have crossed the "ocean ferry" will recognize in our front-page picture a scene painfully familiar. A nest of stowaways has been overhauled between decks, and the half-starved, terrified little ragamuffins are brought before the captain. This potentate is naturally annoyed, for these unwelcome, non-paying charges have, in a manner, got the better of him. He cannot carry out his terrible threat of pitching them overboard to the sharks, and is obliged to take them across the ocean. They will be compelled to work for their passage, however; and will, perhaps, be landed at Castle Garden, New York, only to be shipped back to Liverpool by the next steamer. Some stowaways are simply adventurous wharf-rats, who undertake the stolen voyage under the sadly mistaken impression that it will prove a "lark." Others are really driven by destitution to seek by this desperate means the land of promise; while in some instances poor stevedores employed on the docks have been known to pack off their boys in this manner as a convenient way of getting them cared for by strangers. The concealment usually ends on the second or third day of the voyage; for forty-eight hours' imprisonment without food, drink, light or air, is enough to make the hardest stowaway desperate. Then there is a scene—dramatic, perhaps, but sternly disagreeable withal.

THE NEW YORK BASEBALL CLUB.

THE great success of the professional baseball season thus far, and the public interest in the national game, as shown by the immense attendance at all the important matches, insure a welcome for our complete gallery of portraits of the members of the New York Club, published this week on page 325. This is the Club's fourth year in the National League, and it has steadily grown in strength since its organization. The New York's League record is a proud one. At the end of the first season they stood sixth in the race, with 46 victories and 50 defeats, and in 1884 they tied the Chicago Club with 62 victories and 50 defeats. Last year they came in a close second, with 85 victories and 27 defeats. Their record was only surpassed by that of the Chicago Club. This year they are apparently in no danger of falling behind. At the present writing they are a close third in the race for the pennant. Their standing in the League record on Friday of last week was as follows:

	Won	Lost
Detroit	35	9
Chicago	33	10
New York	31	14

The manager of the New York Club is Mr. James Muriel, who was born in Chelsea, Mass., and is thirty-one years of age. In 1884, through his management, the Metropolitan Club won the championship of the American Association. In the Spring of 1885 he transferred his services to the New York Club, with whom he has a contract for three years more. A feature of his management is that he does not believe in changing players.

John M. Ward, born in Bellefonte, Pa., is captain of the New York Club, plays short stop, and is one of the most skillful base-runners of the day. He has a fine record. In January, 1882, while in San Francisco, Ward accomplished the remarkable feat of striking out three men in succession in one inning, and retiring the side with the extraordinary and unprecedented record of only ten balls pitched.

Michael Welch, the great pitcher, and one of the mainstays of the Club, was born in Brooklyn. He has played ball since 1877, and came to New York in 1882. He is a clear-headed and formidable player.

Larry Corcoran, a Western man, is one of the reserve pitchers, and sometimes plays right field. He was regarded as the best pitcher in the League until his arm gave out.

Thomas Deasley alternates behind the bat with Ewing. He is an excellent thrower, base-runner and batsman. He left the St. Louis Club to come to New York in the Fall of 1884.

James H. O'Rourke, born in Bridgeport, Conn., is known as a "swiper," and was the champion batter of the League for 1884, making 157 base hits during the season. He came to New York in 1884, after playing four seasons with the Buffalo Club.

Roger Connor, the first baseman, is one of the best players of the nine, and led the whole fraternity in batting last year. He hails from Waterbury, Conn., and was snapped up by Manager Mutrie from the Troy Club in 1882.

Daniel Richardson, pitcher, from Elmira, is a player of good reputation. He covered himself with glory in the Chicago games last Fall.

Joseph J. Gerhardt, second baseman, is from Washington, and was a member of the National Club as early as 1873. His sobriquet is "Move-up-Joe," because, in base-running, he has a trick of telling a man who happens to be on second while he is on first to "move up." He joined the New York Club in the Spring of last year.

Michael Dorgan, right field, stood next to Connor in batting last year. He came from the Detroit to the New Yorks in 1883.

William Ewing, born in Cincinnati, is a well-known and much dreaded catcher, a heavy batter, and a swift and accurate thrower. He made the winning run in the game with the Chicago Club at the New York Polo Grounds on August 9th of last year, when it was only his daring base-running that scored the run after eleven innings had been played.

T. J. Keefe, born in Cambridge, Mass., is another assistant pitcher, and is probably the most scientific man in the box that can be found. The work he accomplished last season was fully up to the standard, and to him belongs no small share of the success of the Club. He was one of the pitchers of the Metropolitan Club when it won the American Association championship in 1884.

Thomas J. Esterbrook, third base, was born at New Brighton, S. L., and came to the New Yorks

with a good record won with the Jersey City, Buffalo and Metropolitan Clubs. He has done excellent service in his present position.

Peter Gillespie, born at Carbondale, Pa., plays left field. Last season he made the fine record of only seven errors in seventy games. He stood fifth in batting in 1885.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX.

The work of clearing away the sand around the Great Sphinx at Ghizeh, near Cairo, Egypt, was commenced some three months ago by M. Maspero, the Director-in-chief of the Boulaik Museum at Cairo, and our illustration shows the present state of the excavations. The sand has been quite removed from the large tablet, bearing an inscription in hieroglyphic writing, placed on the bosom of the Sphinx; the paws, and the passage between them, have been freed from sand; and the small altar, supposed to have been used by the Romans for sacrificial purposes, is now exposed to view. As is known to every tourist in Egypt, the Sphinx is a recumbent figure, with the body of a beast, supposed to be that of a lion, and with a human head. The body, which is 140 feet long, and the lower part of the head, are mainly hewn out of the natural rock, but some parts are filled in with stone masonry; the head is 14 feet wide, and was formerly capped with a head-dress, which is destroyed, but the shape of which is represented in sculptured tablets showing this figure. Its builder and designer, and the date of its formation, are not certainly determined; it is one of the oldest monuments in Egypt. It is thought to have belonged to a vast series of temples, which existed before the Great Pyramid was erected by Shoo-foo (Cheops), one of the Kings of the Fourth Dynasty; and to have stood between the Temple of Isis and that of Osiris. It was called the Image of Hor-em-kho, which means "The Sun at Rest," and may have had an astronomical, as well as a mythological and a symbolic or mystical significance. Excavations at its base were commenced in 1817 by Caviglia, who found there some tablets deposited by later Kings of Egypt. The late Mariette Bey, Director of the Government Museum of Antiquities, resumed this work; but much sand has since been suffered to accumulate.

THE COMTE DE PARIS IN ENGLAND.

The expelled Comte de Paris and his family are popular in England, and have been welcomed there with many demonstrations of friendship and respect; though the publication of the royal claimant's manifesto, and his "A bientôt, mes amis," to his adherents on quitting France, have tended to check the enthusiasm and sympathy felt for him upon the issue of the decree of banishment. Queen Victoria sent a message of sympathy to the Count upon his arrival in London. The latter has declined the King of Belgium's offer of the royal château at Ciergnon, but will pay a prolonged visit to Brussels in the Autumn. Prince Louis, Due de Némours, uncle of the Comte de Paris, has gone to Belgium; and Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Alençon, another uncle, has gone to Vienna. The Radical Press of Paris, as a reply to the manifesto, cries out for the immediate expulsion of all the Orleans princes, and the seizure of their property.

M. KOLOMAN TISZA, HUNGARIAN PRIME MINISTER.

THE BUDA-PESTI RIOTS.

The political disturbances in Buda-Pesth, the Hungarian capital, culminated on the evening of June 5th in a collision between a crowd of the manifestants and the municipal guards, as shown in our picture. A large crowd of students of the University gathered in the Ottóvá Square, in front of the office of the *Pester Lloyd*, the newspaper organ of the Government. All of them wore the tricolored cockade (red, white and green), adopted as a rallying-sign by the opponents of the Prime Minister, M. Koloman Tisza.

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Driven from this place by the police, they repaired to the University Plaza and the Boulevard-Képési, where, the crowd having increased to the number of 5,000, the noisy rioters were dispersed by a squad of mounted guards. This summary procedure was effective, but a number of the students were severely wounded, and much excitement has ensued.

M. Koloman Tisza, whose portrait we give, has held office, as leader of the Hungarian Liberal Party, for more than ten consecutive years. Born in 1830, he was one of the members for Hungary in the first National Parliament which met in Vienna; and in 1861 he became leader of the Left Centre, or Moderate Liberal Party. When the Dual System was introduced, and the Emperor Francis Joseph allowed himself to be crowned King of Hungary, M. Tisza became a strong supporter of Count Andrassy, who was Premier for four years. After the general break-up and reorganization of parties following Count Andrassy's departure for Vienna to assume the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, M. Tisza took the lead of the United Liberals. In February, 1875, he entered the Winckheim Cabinet as Minister of the Interior; and eight months later, on the retirement of his chief, became Prime Minister. His career since then has been successful, though by no means exempt from difficulties and dangerous passes. The fact that M. Tisza is a Calvinist has no doubt made it additionally difficult for him to maintain his ascendancy in a country where the Roman Catholic Church is the Church of the majority, and very powerful.

THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE ACROSS THE THAMES.

We give an illustration of the bridge across the Thames immediately below the Tower of London, work upon which was formally commenced on the 21st ult., when the first pile was driven by the Prince of Wales. The bridge is designed to relieve the pressure of traffic over London Bridge, and also for the accommodation of the East End of London, and for improving the communication between the north and the south sides of the river below London Bridge. The design was prepared by the city architect. The bridge is carried by two massive picturesque Gothic towers, in which provision is made for the necessary machinery for opening and closing the centre span or platform to allow the largest shipping to pass through. Lifts, as well as internal staircases, are provided for the use of foot passengers. These lifts communicate immediately with the upper footway, so that the foot traffic is never interrupted. The centre leaves of the bridge, when open, will be flush with the piers, thus leaving a clear opening or freeway of two hundred feet for the shipping to pass. When the bridge is closed there will still be sufficient height at high water for the ordinary traffic of the river to pass under. The approach roads and land spans of bridge will be about sixty feet in width, and the centre span fifty

feet wide. The two land spans will be suspended as shown in the picture.

THE RIOTS IN BELFAST.

Our illustration of the recent riots in Belfast, Ireland, shows the conflict between the police and the rioters on the third day of the disturbances, in the section known as "the brick-fields." This section is inhabited mostly by Roman Catholics, laborers in "the brick-fields," and these, being largely outnumbered, fled in extreme terror, leaving their tools, hats and coats, part of which the Orangemen afterwards burnt in a bonfire. It was only when the military constabulary massed in solid column and charged upon the rioters that the murderous assault was arrested, and its objects were able to escape.

THREE BRIDES FOR AN EMPEROR.

The young Emperor of China has just been engaged in the pleasant occupation of selecting as brides three ladies from among thirty-two assembled at his palace. These are collected from all over Manchuria from certain noble Manchurian families, and have traveled some of them for hundreds and even thousands of miles to Pekin to undergo review. The future Empress is first selected, and then two assistants, called the Eastern and Western Empresses. This is the ancient custom of the empire since the Manchus became its rulers. The Emperor will take the reins of power next year.

USE OF TOBACCO BY CONGRESSMEN.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: "Of the seventy-six Senators fourteen chew tobacco, and fifty-eight use it in one form or another, while of the 325 members of the House only a few abstain wholly from tobacco. Over half the Southern members both smoke and chew. In the Senate those who chew tobacco are Beck, Call, Edmunds, Fair, George, Harris, Hearst, Jones of Florida, Logan, McPherson, Morrill, Sanisbury, Vance, Voorhees, Witthorn, and Wilson of Maryland. Nearly all of them smoke also. Mr. Wilson uses snuff, as does 'the patriarch,' Brown, of Georgia. Captain Bassett, the venerable doorkeeper, is an expert on the question of snuff, and he purchases it in quantities and furnishes it to those Senators who use it.

"Senators Morrill and McPherson do not chew tobacco except in the form of cigars; that is, they cut up cigars for the purpose, and one cigar serves either of them several days. Mr. Harris takes his in the form of plug, from which he can be seen in the Senate occasionally biting off a 'chew.' Mr. Vest was formerly a confirmed smoker and chewer, but after a severe illness and on advice of a physician he is said to have abandoned the use of tobacco. The other Senators who do not use tobacco in any form are Aldrich, Blair, Colquitt, Dawes, Dolph, Hoar, Jones of Nevada, McMillan, Miller, Mitchell of Oregon, Morgan, Pike, Plumb, Teller, Van Wyck and Payne. Mr. Ingalls smokes on rare occasions. Mr. Hale, after the exhilaration of a good dinner, indulges in a cigar. Mr. Culom once in a while at a dinner-party or on some other social gathering smokes a cigar, and then complains for several days of the bad effect. Mr. Hoar formerly used tobacco, but he has abandoned the habit. Mr. Blair puts tobacco, liquors of all kinds and other evil things behind him. Mr. Eustis has the distinction of being the only member of the Senate who smokes cigarettes. Mr. Cockrell confines his smoking to his own house, where, with a clay-pipe with a bamboo stem two feet long, he apparently takes great comfort. Mr. Evarts only smokes after dinner."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

TUBERCULOSIS and typhoid fever are the predominant diseases and causes of death in the French Army.

THE Ohio saloon-keepers have come to the wise conclusion that the Supreme Court, which has just sustained the validity of the Ohio rump Senate, will doubtless sustain the Scott tax law, which was re-enacted by that body. They are paying the taxes required by the law, instead of further disputing its constitutionality.

The Yellow River, of China, formerly called the Hoang Ho, is aptly called "China's Sorrow." It will not stay in the same place. Nine instances are on record of its having changed its whole direction. Slips of latitude and longitude are common with it. Engineers are now discussing plans to keep it within bounds. It is more trouble-some than our own Mississippi.

SOME curious statistics of the contents of the present Salon were given by one of the morning Parisian newspapers. Stating the quantity of space occupied by pictures at 14,209 yards, military subjects are supposed to take up 3,279 yards; 900 antique subjects, 3,279 yards; 500 landscapes, 2,186 yards; 300 domestic subjects, 2,186 yards; 100 portraits, 1,093 yards; 200 interiors, 1,093 yards; and divers odds and ends, 1,093 yards.

MR. BOYD WINCHESTER, one Consul-general to Switzerland, has just made a report on the cheese industry of that country, in which he says that one of the customs that formerly prevailed in Switzerland was for the friends of the bride to present her with an elaborate cheese. This cheese was used as a family register and heirloom, on which births, marriages and deaths were recorded. Mr. Winchester says he has seen some of these old cheeses that date back to 1660.

THE NEW YORK *Herald* correspondent has found one Congressman who has written 18,000 letters to his constituents since the inauguration of the new Administration. This is an average of 50 letters a day, or 1,500 per month. He is a member of one of the important committees, and is flooded with inquiries on all sorts of subjects. When we recollect that there are 325 members and eight delegates, it is not surprising to learn from the Congressional Postmaster that the mail for members has averaged as high as 16,000 letters per day for several months at a time. This does not include postal cards, circulars or newspapers. Of the latter some members receive a bushel-basketful daily.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 28TH—In New York, Thomas Goodwin, musician and music-librarian, aged 87 years; in Newark, N. J., Dr. William T. Mercer, well-known druggist, aged 74 years; in Washington, D. C., the Rev. William Gibbons, pastor of Zion Baptist Church.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CLOACERA is again prevalent in the interior of Japan.

PHILADELPHIA has a saloon that took in \$325,000 last year.

CORN eight feet high is reported from the southern counties of Kansas.

GOVERNOR SIMON P. HUGHES of Arkansas has been nominated for re-election.

THE Porte has ordered the withdrawal of 40,000 Turkish troops from the Greek frontier.

THE Krupps have obtained a gigantic contract to establish a cannon-foundry at Nikolskoff, in Russia.

THE French Senate has rejected, by a vote of 242 to 216, a proposal to abolish the use of titles of nobility.

EIGHT persons were killed and twenty injured one day last week by an accident to the mail train from Belfast to Dublin.

THE first through train to the Pacific coast over the Canadian Pacific Railway started from Montreal on the 28th ult.

THE sum of \$30,000 in aid of the Irish Parliamentary Fund was received from this country during the last week in June.

CINCINNATI policemen who served in the war will wear on their left sleeve a red tape, to distinguish the soldier element of the force.

THE rhinoceros recently secured by the managers of Central Park, New York, died suddenly eight days after being placed on exhibition.

A DOMINION cabinet officer is named as authority for the statement that the fisheries difficulty will be satisfactorily settled within a very short time.

FIFTEEN hundred men employed in the Philadelphia rolling-mills went on strike last week for an advance in their wages of 35 cents per ton.

ARCHBISHOP JAMES GIBBONS was formally invested last week with the scarlet beret, and Baltimore thus becomes the Cardinal City of the United States.

MR. W. CONCORAN has presented Columbian University, D. C., with \$25,000 and an oil painting valued at \$6,000. These gifts bring his donations to the University to over \$150,000.

THE prohibitory liquor law went into effect at Atlanta, Ga., on the 1st inst. The brewers of the city threaten to resist the law and continue the manufacture and sale of beer as formerly.

THE French Senate has passed the Bill authorizing the City of Paris to issue a loan of \$50,000,000 to carry on public improvements for the purpose of furnishing work to the unemployed.

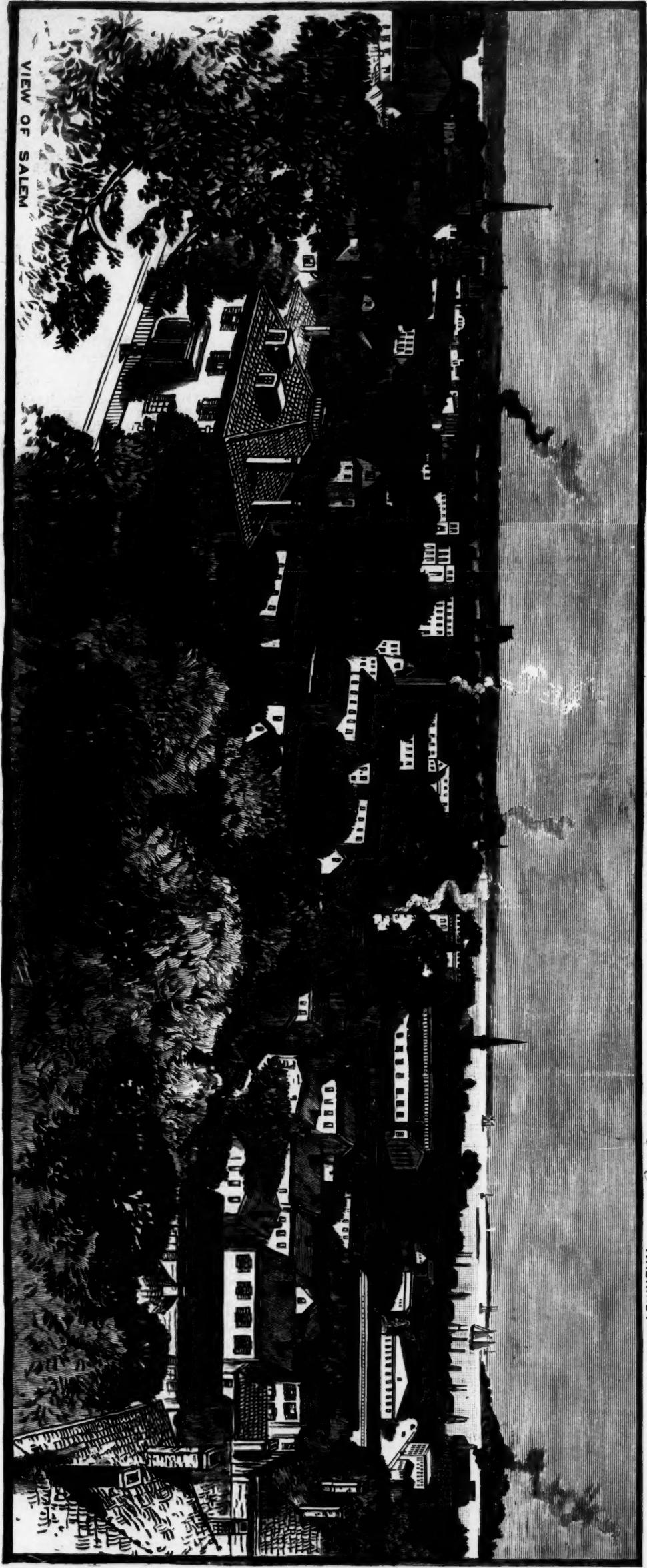
IT is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of paper are manufactured in Europe annually. The value of the materials used is placed at about \$20,000,000, and the value of the paper at \$40,000,000.

THE Lower House of the Bavarian Parliament has by a unanimous vote given the sum of 200,000 florins as a donation to Prince Luitpold to enable him to maintain a royal

MASSACHUSETTS.—THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE INCORPORATION OF SALEM AS A CITY, CELEBRATED JULY 5TH—SOME OF THE HISTORIC PLACES AND

OBJECTS OF THE FAMOUS TOWN.

From sketches by C. UTHAM—See Page 38.

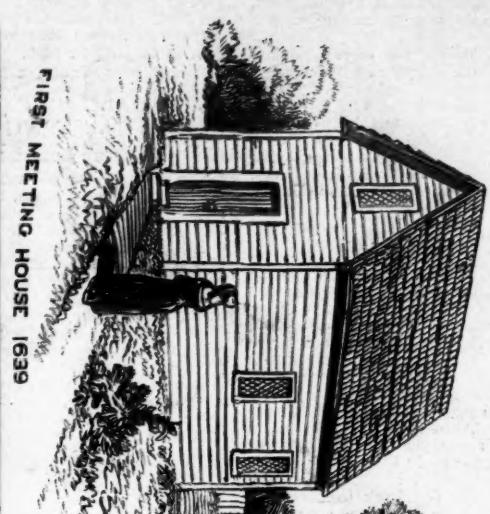


VIEW OF SALEM

FIRST MEETING HOUSE 1639

WASHINGTON ST. WITH WHIPPING POST—1771

ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT



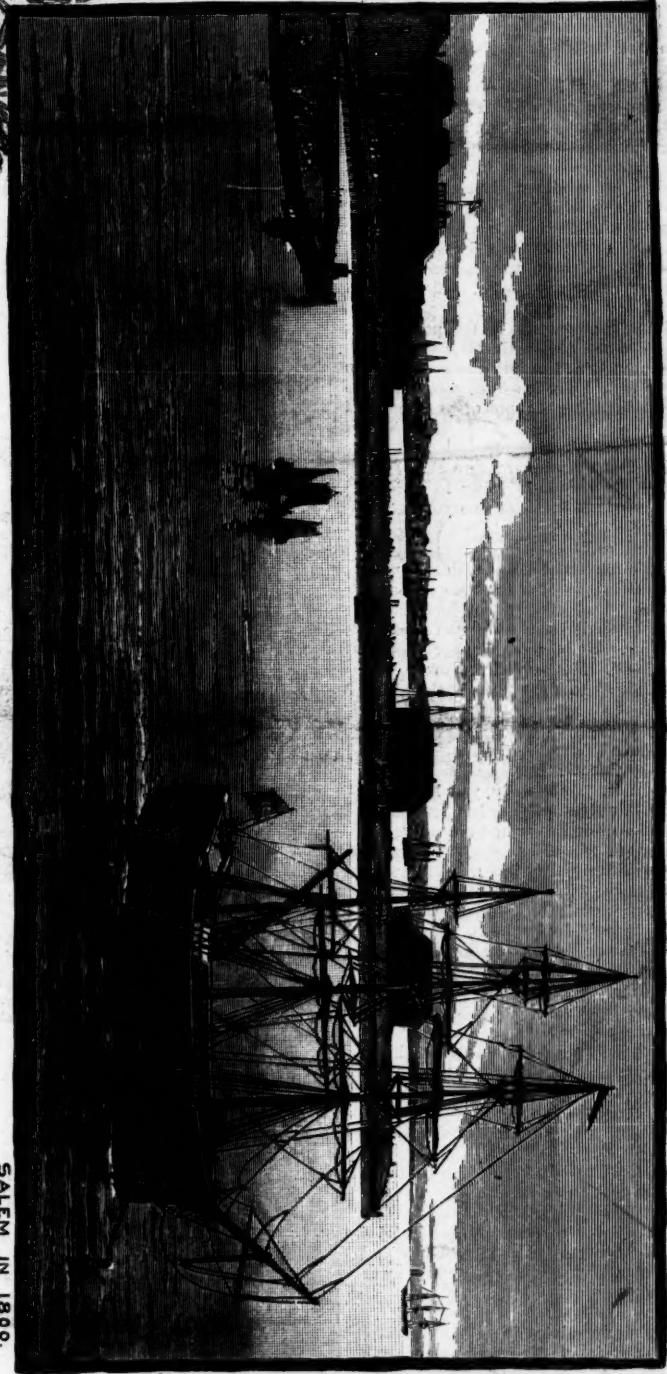
OLD WITCH HOUSE 1692

BIRTHPLACE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE





JOHN ENDICOTT FIRST COLONIAL GOVERNOR



SALEM IN 1800.



SIMON BRADSTREET LAST COLONIAL GOVERNOR

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF GALLows OR WITCH HILL



The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MY FRIENDLY FOE.

"I SUPPOSE," said I, "that there was some reason for my pardon?"—"Certainly," said the officer; "in this country it is not usual to grant pardons merely because some one has been so unfortunate as to have gotten himself into a situation where one is needed. The real murderer came forward and confessed his crime."

"Who was he?"

"A man called Hans. He had lived at Castle Varraz all his life. I am told that the count appeared as much shocked and surprised at his confession as he would have been if some intimate friend had done the deed."

"What was the motive?"

"No one knows positively. Hans was surly and silent towards us all. He only asserted that he was guilty. His conscience, he said, had troubled him seriously since you were hanged."

"And he—he—is he dead now?"

"Yes. He was executed this forenoon."

"Can I see him? Can I look upon his face again?"

"No. He was buried immediately after his execution."

So this was the end! This was the last of earth for a man who had stained his soul with every sort of crime under the sun, and who had yet been magnanimous enough to give life and a future to the man who was most likely to successfully rival his hopeless love! Hans! Hans! I have only love and praise for you. In the last great day, when the earth burns and the sky passes away, one look from your sad eyes shall be the awful sentence of the Count Varraz!

I sat there, my eyes cast down. The officer spoke:

"I don't know the contents of the paper you have there. Of course I know that Hans wrote it. If you are not unwilling, I should be glad to read what he has written. I beg to assure you, though, that I have no lingering doubts of your entire innocence."

"I should think not," cried I.

"I have not. But I am equally sure that Hans was guiltless. It's a very hard thing to have to be the legal cause of the death of one you believe innocent."

"I should think so."

"But if he was innocent, he died with a lie upon his lips. The last words of Hans were an assertion of his guilt."

I silently passed the letter from Hans across the table to the officer. He read the strange message through to the end. He handed it back to me.

"It is not difficult to guess who is the guilty man," he said.

"Well?"

"It is the Count Varraz."

"You think so?"

"I feel sure of it. By-the-way, you had been writing during the night of your last arrest. It is a very imprudent thing to write what you only, or your friends, are to see. Adopt this maxim: Never write anything which you are not ready and willing to have published everywhere, and published as your work."

I remembered what I had written. It was not a pleasant thing to recall—this fact that the sheets which had contained my most secret thoughts were scattered over the table when I was made a helpless prisoner.

"I suppose the papers have been read?"

The officer stepped to a desk, opened it, took out a package; he came and placed it in my hand.

"I read them, of course," he said, with a smile; "it was a part of my duty."

"I suppose so. But the Count Varraz? Did he read them, too?"

"Certainly not. He wished to do so. I refused him. It was my duty to do so."

I drew a long breath of relief.

"And now," said my new friend, "may I advise you what to do with this bundle in which you have given so much of yourself to the publicity of paper and ink?"

"Certainly."

"Will you follow my advice?"

"Advice is often folly. The man who accepts is usually a fool. But for this once I will do as you suggest."

He made no answer in words. But he took the package of papers and put them in the fire.

"Thank you," said I.

"Now," said he, "suppose you read your last letter."

I opened it. I glanced at the contents. Then I read it aloud. This was it:

"MY DEAR MR. SYLVESTER—I congratulate you on your escape from the fate which circumstances have shown would have been unmerited. I am as much pleased at the outcome of the whole matter as you can possibly be yourself. Exact and unprejudiced justice is an object of my especial love and reverence. Justice has been done. I congratulate you."

"You will, I am sure, readily believe that I only did what I considered my sad but unavoidable duty in connection with you. In proof of my conviction of your entire innocence, I ask you to consider my residence your home for as long a time as may be pleasing to you; I beg that you, as a token of your forgiving and magnanimous nature, and as a proof of your recognition of the friendly feelings which actuate me, will accept this invitation."

"In conclusion, let me set your mind at rest on one point: I will consent to overlook entirely your intrusion into my home under a false name and in disguise. I feel sure that you regret insulting me by so dishonorable an act. I accept the unspoken apology I feel certain you would so gladly give. Let the matter rest between us, never mentioned again. I am, my esteemed sir,

"Your true friend, COUNT VARAZ."

Quite cleverly done, wasn't it?

I didn't ask the officer for his advice. Of course, if you, my kind reader, if you had been at hand, I should have asked what it was best to do. I had, however, to rely upon my own judgment. And I did so.

Would you have accepted the count's invitation? No? Why not? A good season is an essential part of every opinion worthy a grown-up man or woman. Children may be excused for leaving the "why" of a thing a little vague. Not so we.

I accepted the invitation. Why?

You know, as well as I do, that if I had let fear have control of my actions at any time, from that time my story would have had nothing of interest left. The mere fact that I have a tale to tell you is proof that I did go back—proof that I never sought a coward's safety.

But why? I'll try to tell you.

Would you dare go into the cage of a Bengal tiger, supposing the question was between mere existence if you didn't go at all and the greatest possible earthly happiness if you managed to go and then to get out in safety? Perhaps you would if you knew that the appetite of the dreaded animal had recently been fully satisfied.

I went. It has been said that a man will give anything and everything for his life. It may be true. It is true that I debated and deliberated regarding my chances. It is true that reason said I was fairly safe. But I believe I should have gone anyway. The magnet awakens the soul of the most sluggish iron; in my place, you would have gone too.

But there was certainly less danger than there had been at any time before, during all my acquaintance with the count. For Count Varraz had had his appetite satisfied; his tiger soul was cloyed with the blood of the martyred Hans; he was safe, for the time being, since he knew no need of being dangerous. He did not hate me; he had simply needed a victim to suffer for him; he had doubtless laid a long and elaborate train of circumstantial evidence leading away from him and towards me; I have no doubt he would have been willing to see me free, only, if either suffered, he must escape; circumstances had perniciously made my arrest and conviction a necessity, and one in which he had little part; circumstances had given Hans the determination to take my place.

Hans was dead. Hilda's death was avenged. The count could afford to be friendly to me.

But, you urge, might not other circumstances make my sacrifice a convenience to him? Might not my own actions make my death necessary to him?

I answer "Yes" to both questions. But I trust you have not found me likely to go about with my eyes shut. If ever a man meant to watch another, I meant to watch my friendly foe, the Count Varraz.

I rode a portion of the way to the castle. I dismissed the carriage at some distance from the building and the grounds which were most commonly used by the inmates, and went the remainder of the way on foot.

The morning was glorious. Spring was making glad the earth. Never had I felt happier. Never had I felt surer of the future. Something in the grass, the flowers, the river, the distant haze along the boundary of the sky itself, seemed to say that my probation of pain was almost over; I seemed to feel that fate's tide had turned for me; I knew, down in my happy heart, that steadfast persistence and earnest faith was nearing its reward.

Why do some lives reach the heights, while others are ever in the valleys? Why was I to succeed, when Hans had failed? Why had hope been temptation to him—inspiration to me? I do not know. The mysteries of the human soul are more than all the questions which philosophy has solved yet.

Hans's life had been a protest against the caste which shuts down honest ambition. A mad and false protest, I grant, just as Socialism and Nihilism are mad and false; but protest means wrong to be undone: the wheels of the car of human progress ran hub-deep through the blood of the French Revolution.

Hans's death had been a protest more pathetic than even his life had been. Against the crime that law would have perpetrated towards me he had placed the protest of his blood: against the life of such a man as was the Count Varraz his silent lips had taken on the eloquence of martyrdom.

Do you wonder that there was sadness beneath my joy and hope that morning? Do you wonder that I said over to myself the death-warrant of the really guilty one, and scarcely hesitated over the place where the name of the man should be?

I passed up the winding road. The willow-alp which I had seen Dr. Brajazzi plant was showing vigorous life. I thought of the Lady Ilga. I wondered whether I should be able to do all I had hoped.

I came in sight of the castle. The Count Varraz was on the lawn waiting for me.

* * * * *

For still another time I became an occupant of the rooms in Castle Varraz which I remembered so well. Three times.

Had I not a right to hope that this term of residence would end happily?

I was glad to meet Dr. Brajazzi at dinner. I was glad, for reasons I need scarcely specify, to see that he was not very well pleased at seeing me. I made the dinner-hour an hour of study. I studied Brajazzi.

Brajazzi, too, studied me. I was not displeased when the meal came to an end.

We rose from the table. The doctor came to my side.

"May I have a short private interview with you?" he asked.

I consented. He drew his coat a little closer

about him, as though he felt cold in the grand Spring weather. He took my arm. I went away with him.

"I have asked the—er—my patient to go out for a walk. It will do her good. We shall be secure from interruption in her rooms. Let us go there."

Two minutes later we were in the private sitting-room of the Lady Ilga.

Rooms have individualities. They speak of those whose lives are spent in them. The books, and pictures; the chairs, and tables—all these tell of those whose home is with them. It was a sad tale which the parlor of the Lady Ilga had to tell, a sweet sad story. I will not say that the fact of madness was written on room and furniture, though I will say that it almost seemed to be. The books from some of the shelves had been taken down. A few had been carried away, but the most of them lay in uncouth heaps on the floor. On the shelves thus vacated were long rows of bottles and vials, with strange labels and to-be-dreaded contents. In one corner was a huge galvanic battery, with hundreds of cells. In another was a battery of Leyden-jars.

"Sit down," said Dr. Brajazzi, pointing to a chair.

I seated myself. He drew a chair near me and sat down himself.

"I love the Lady Ilga," said the doctor, his eyes shining with passion: "am I correct in thinking that you are my rival?"

"You are."

"I felt it. I knew it. You came here in disguise; came at the risk of your life, to be near her. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"And you are here again—here in spite of the man who rules this household—simply because you care for her?"

"That is certainly my chief reason for being here."

"I have your request, Mr. Sylvester, asking that the reward offered for saving your life should be given. Do you know what the reward was to be?"

"I believe I do."

"It was the hand of the Lady Ilga. Have I not fairly won it?"

"I think not. With my countrymen, a heart must go with a hand. Have you won the Lady Ilga's love?"

"Perhaps not yet. But may not years do what the past has not yet done? I saved your life. I suppose you admit that?"

"I believe I do."

"It was the hand of the Lady Ilga. Have I not fairly won it?"

"I think not. With my countrymen, a heart must go with a hand. Have you won the Lady Ilga's love?"

"But I saved your life. I paid her her price."

"I had rather you had let me die than to see you marry the Lady Ilga—unless she loves you. Would you ever win her consent, even in all the world, if you had not this false claim upon her?"

"Perhaps not. But your words lead me to think that you could bear your disappointment, bear it bravely, if another man did win her love. Am I right?"

"You are right!" I cried, impetuously. "I value the happiness of this lady beyond anything else on earth. I shall be happy to see her hand go where her heart goes. I hope for the blessing of her love. But, when she secures her own happiness, I shall be sincerely glad for her, whatever my own fate may be."

The doctor rose and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"I looked for this," he said, earnestly: "I looked for just this. I have never shown the paper you wrote. I most likely never shall. Had prudence kept you away, it would have helped my cause. Now, it would be as unfair to you as it would be useless with the Lady Ilga."

He drew the paper from his pocket. He touched it to a slender tongue of flame which rose from a chemist's lamp on the table. One flash, and the power of Dr. Brajazzi over me was gone—destroyed by his own hand.

"Of course she knows I saved your life," said he, "and that she made me a promise when your rescue or escape seemed impossible. She does not know what I allowed myself to be tempted into getting you to write. She never will."

"Thank you. I believe you are a very good man, Dr. Brajazzi."

"I believe I am. I have a horrible habit of swearing in a number of languages when I am particularly nervous. Possibly you may remember the fact. Some of my friends call it my only fault."

I laughed.

"You are astonishing me," said I.

"I may astonish you more before I am done. I will certainly consent to no underhand and cowardly actions in this matter. I asked you to come here in order to make several propositions to you; I am selfish; I am hopeful; but I will try to be honest with you in whatever I say or do."

"Well, what are your propositions?"

The doctor rose. He turned out two glasses full of water. He took two small folded papers from his pocket. He opened them. Each contained a small quantity of whitish gray powder. The contents of one went into one glass of water; that of the second one, into the other.

"One of these glasses of water is entirely harmless," he said; "the one who drinks the other will not live one minute; he will die at once, and I challenge any expert to say that a sudden breaking of a blood-vein in his brain did not kill him. I do not know myself which glass has death in it. I do not care. Will you take your chances? Will you drink with me?"

"No, Dr. Brajazzi, I will not. Not all your sophistry can bring me to an act like that. I will not murder you. I will not kill myself. In America, my old-time home, a man takes his chances of winning the love of the woman for whose affection he cares. Her decision settles all."

"Very well," said the doctor, tossing the contents of both glasses out of the window, "I am not dissatisfied with your decision. You will give me a chance to win the Lady Ilga's love, will you?"

"I will."

"Thank you. This is my proposition. I must explain it as I go along. The Lady Ilga's memory seems to flutter like a flame in a blast of wind. Sometimes she remembers much: remembers your arrest, your imprisonment, your conviction. At other times she would greet you as a stranger. Her memory of the past grows vague and misty day by day; she remembers less and less frequently; she remembers less and less definitely. When she remembers you, I am only her physician, scarcely as much as her friend. When she does not remember the past, she almost loves me; if I can once quench the puzzled look in her eyes, once still the sorrow in her soul, once turn her pathetic hands from their idle, useless quest for a past they can never reach again; if I can bury the events which made her mad, the events and all which have grown out of them or with which they are closely associated, so deep that they will never throw their baleful shadows across her life again, then—"

"Well? What then?"

"Then I can be her lover; a favored one, too, I believe."

"And I?"

"You would be but a stranger. Friendship—acquaintance even—to say nothing of love—these you would have to win from the beginning. These you would have to win, if you could."

"Well? What more?"

"I will tell you all. I will tell you the whole truth. There are three things which may happen to the Lady Ilga, three possibilities in her future—and in ours. First of all, then, I

graduating the current, from the amount that a tender child would feel pleasant, to the murderous pulse of the molecular mystery, which, sweeping for one second along muscle and nerve, should leave the strongest man devoid of motion—feeling—life—for ever! Surely Science's subtleties were on his side. I shuddered.

Then I thought of Hans, lying in his grave of dishonor, unloved, forgotten. For Lady Ilga's sake, if it must needs be, I could live as lonely and as bravely—as he had died!

(To be continued.)

RUSTIC PIPES AT LAKE GEORGE.

THE strolling musician is always a picturesque figure; and his instrument, whatever it be, rarely sounds otherwise than pleasantly when heard in the open air, particularly in a locality near some still body of water or amongst echoing hills. The wandering minstrels are plentiful at this season of the year, and turn up in the most unexpected places. It is not often, however, that they choose the bagpipes and fife to charm the loose change from the pockets of Summer idlers, as is the case with the players in our picture, sketched at Lake George. These are the same instruments which the Italian shepherds of Abruzzi and the Alban Hills play in the streets of Rome at Christmastide. The bagpipes, for most ears, require distance to lend enchantment to the sound; and, in view of this pleasing picture, which appeals to the eyes and not to the ears, we may say with Keats:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
—in the picture."

THREE LEADING PARIS JOURNALS.

A PARIS correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times* writes: "The *Figaro*, the *Petit Journal* and the *Temps* are, in their several ways, the most successful papers in Paris. The *Petit Journal*, selling for a cent, condensing its news, containing only one easily understood editorial article, and lightened by installments of two serial stories, has acquired an enormous circulation, which it now advertises as 900,000 a day. This is undoubtedly the largest circulation of any daily paper in the world; indeed, it is probably three times that of any paper in England or America. The *Temps* represents the solid and serious side of French character—the side which gives France its stability and its dignity; the side which is forgotten when the French are called fickle and frivolous. The *Temps* has the soberest editorial articles, the best foreign correspondence and the most acute and authoritative criticism of any Parisian newspaper. Its dramatic critic is M. Francisque Sarcy; its chief literary critic is M. Edmond Scherer; its art critic is M. Paul Mantz. It has special weekly articles on music, science, agriculture and military affairs. M. de Cherville, an old collaborator of the elder Dumas, writes a weekly essay on 'La Vie à la Campagne,' and M. Jules Claretie, the novelist, who is now the director of the Comédie Française, used to write a weekly essay on 'La Vie à Paris.' This is now written by another novelist, M. Anatole France, whose delicate humor is not as well known in America as it deserves. The tone of the *Temps* is wholesome and sober; it is the organ of the intelligent classes, and its circulation and influence are increasing slowly but steadily. For an afternoon paper selling for three cents, it has already a very remarkable daily sale—about 40,000 copies.

"The *Figaro* is the exact opposite of the *Temps*. The *Figaro* is the representative of fast and fashionable frivolity, as the *Temps* is the organ of hard-working and high-thinking France. The *Figaro* was founded by the late M. de Villemessant, who made it the type of boulevard journalism. With all his faults and vices he was a born journalist and he understood the perspective of news. He was reported to have said once that a dog run over on the Boulevard des Italiens was of more importance to the *Figaro* than an earthquake in Spain. Since his death the *Figaro* has been conducted on the lines laid down by him, but with less energy and a relaxation of initiative. It is easy to see that the *Figaro* feels assured of its position and knows that it can take life easily. Its venality is notorious and it ventures into all sorts of side speculations. It claims a daily circulation varying from 80,000 to 100,000, and it probably does sometimes attain to the lower figure. The *Figaro* takes life easily, as I have said, and yet it holds its own, and its two chief rivals, the *Gaulois* and the *Evenement*, are losing ground. The latter is going down rapidly and the former slowly. The *Gaulois*, which is managed by M. Arthur Meyer, poses as the upholder of the divine right of kings, and rallies round the royal flag every morning. This attitude on the part of M. Meyer, who is a self-made Hebrew, has seemed incongruous to many."

EMIGRATION OUT OF IRELAND.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *St. Louis Republican* writes: "The emigration out of Ireland goes on at a rate which bids fair to drain the land utterly. At every railroad station a group of emigrants, sometimes ten, sometimes twenty, forty, or fifty, with all their clumsy *impedimenta*, were added to our train. So that finally there must have been by that one train alone six or seven hundred people taken out of Ireland never to return to it. But the throngs of the self-exiled poor are not the only testimony to this exodus. Empty houses stare windowless at you out of every farm. Ruined barns, deserted sheelings, abandoned homes, mark the road, no matter where you travel. The shrinkage of the population has left these homesteads high and dry on the shore as it has receded, and their emptiness is the most pathetic symptom of the disease that has cankered the land for centuries. And they need so little to live. Many of these vacant tenements have but one room. They are all stone, so that they will stand remorselessly lasting as a testimony to the system which has made Ireland uninhabitable by Irishmen. The poverty of the people is almost beyond belief."

GRAY-HAIRED UNITED STATES SENATORS.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times* writes: "White locks and beards among United States Senators are not always indicative of age. Take, for instance, Senator Edmunds. His beard is gray—almost to whiteness—and not in the Senate Chamber is there another head more bald than his, yet the years that he

can chronicle are but fifty-eight. Voorhees, of the same age, has not a bald spot on his head, and his heavy, brown hair is but lightly tinged with gray—a fine specimen of physical manhood is this tall sycamore of the Wabash." Coke and Allison, each numbering fifty-seven years, are two other extremes. In the absence of hair and color of beard the former bears a striking resemblance to Edmunds. The latter has a heavy growth of hair over his entire head, as has also the other Senator from Iowa, Wilson, of equal age, but whose hair is gray and stands straight up like stubble in a grain-field. Butler, at fifty, from his thin gray hair and white mustache, looks nearly as old as Conger at sixty-eight. Nine persons out of ten would say that Blackburn, at forty-seven, presents as old an appearance as George, at fifty-nine. Cockrell, whose years number a half-century, plus one, looks to be ten years older than Logan, while in fact he is nine years younger, the hair and beard of the former being a light gray, the hair and mustache of the latter being comparatively as black as the plumage of the raven.

"McPherson has seen only fifty-three years of this world's life, yet from his whitening locks, hollowed cheeks and feeble gait he would quickly be taken to be eight or ten years older than Beck, who is eleven years his senior, but who, in appearance at least, is as muscular as an ox. On Beck's head, which is covered with a kinky coat of brown hair, not a bare spot as large as a dime can be seen.

"Within one seat of McPherson sits the millionaire Senator Payne, who has rounded out exactly three-quarters of a century, and who is therefore twenty-two years older than this New Jersey Senator: but the average visitor would be more apt to think there are two years' difference in their ages than twenty-two.

"If the shoulders of Morrill, the oldest Senator in the Chamber, were less bent he would appear younger than the 'fish-pole' bachelor, Saulsbury, whose recorded years are sixty-eight, and therefore eight years less than those of the Vermont Senator. Jones, of Arkansas, is but forty-six, and consequently in the prime of life; but his beard is fast turning gray, as is thin as a wheat-field visited by a drought. Evarts, at sixty-eight, although his hair is darkly gray, shows not a sign of baldness, while Miller, the other New York Senator, more than twenty years his junior, shows a deal of top head through his fine silken hair. Sherman, at sixty-three, although somewhat lacking by nature in vitality, is a well-preserved man, not a bald spot being visible through his iron-gray hair. Mahone, at fifty-nine, appears older than Dawes at sixty-nine; Vest, at fifty-five, as old as Pugh at sixty-five. Sawyer is sixty-nine, yet few persons would take him to be ten years older than Hoar, who will be sixty next August."

A REMARKABLE FROZEN WELL.

SCIENTIFIC men have been perplexed for many years over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. A Russian merchant in 1829 began to dig the well, but he gave up the task three years later, when he had dug down thirty feet and was still in solidly frozen soil. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences dug away at the well for months, but stopped when it had reached a depth of 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from these data it was estimated that the ground was frozen to a depth of 512 feet. Although the pole of the greatest cold is in this province of Yakutsk, not even the terrible severity of the Siberian Winter could freeze the ground to a depth of 600 feet. Geologists have decided that the frozen valley of the Lower Lena is a formation of the glacial period. They believe, in short, that it froze solidly then, and has never since had a chance to thaw out.

THE HIGHEST OBSERVATORY IN EUROPE.

THE London *Times* says: "What will be the highest observatory in Europe is now being erected on the Sonnblick, one of the heights of that portion of the Tyrolean Alps, the highest summits of which are the Grossglockner, the Wiesbachhorn, and the Hohe Narr.

"The Sonnblick (sun-glaunce) is a mountain 10,000 feet high. Its summit is less difficult of access than those of some of its neighbors, and its suitability for the erection of an observatory was first pointed out to meteorologists by Mr. Rojacher, a gentleman owning the Rauriser Goldberg, whose private residence and mines are situated on the slopes of the Sonnblick at a height of over 5,000 feet. From this spot a wire ropeway, used chiefly for the purposes of the mines, but also practicable for passengers, leads up to a height of nearly 8,000 feet. Here a house has been erected for about twenty miners, who reside there also during Winter. Thence the summit of the Sonnblick is reached by an easy ascent over a glacier in three hours. The descent over this glacier may be made in low sledges in fifteen minutes.

"The observatory now being erected on the summit, which looks like a black spot when viewed from the Rauriser Valley, from which the Sonnblick rises like a precipitous wall 3,000 feet high, will consist of a blockhouse, flanked by a massive stone tower 40 feet high. To guard against the frightful storms raging round the summit, the walls of the tower have been made of an enormous thickness, and the blockhouse is strengthened by being anchored to the rock by steel wire cables. Wood has been chosen for the construction of the house because it keeps out cold better than stone, the cold being more intense in mid-winter in that exposed position.

"The house contains two living-rooms—one for the resident observer, the other for such scientific men as may ascend during favorable weather with a view of carrying on their experiments. The walls of the house are paneled inside with wood, and covered neatly outside by wood shingles. The tower—the observatory proper—will be fitted with all the instruments used in meteorological science. As there is great danger to the building from the terrific thunderstorms which rage round the summit, the observatory is protected not only by three lightning-rods, but also by a lightning-proof fencing.

"The solitary resident observer who has chosen to exile himself from civilization for the best part of the year is one of the miners permanently residing in the miners' house 8,000 feet above sea-level, who is now undergoing a course of instruction in meteorology. But he will not be cut off entirely from intercourse with his kindred, for he will be able to keep up communication by telephone with the miners' house 2,000 feet below

him, whence another telephone wire, fifteen miles long, leads to Rauris. From the latter place, his daily record of observations will be telegraphed to Vienna and the scientific world generally. Sonnblick Observatory will be known in future as a meteorological station situate at a higher elevation than any in Europe—higher than those on Mount Etna, the Pic du Midi (Pyrenees), and the Säntis (Canton of Appenzell)."

COREANS MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

A WRITER in the *St. James's Gazette* says: "In walking through the streets of Seoul one often meets with figures clothed from head to foot in a grayish-yellow sackcloth, with bright yellow hats on their heads; men, moreover, who further disguise their identity by holding a strip of sackcloth stretched on pieces of stick in front of their faces. These are mourners. In the year 1882 a Japanese traveler who landed on the northeast coast found the officials and all the inhabitants in this lugubrious masquerade. They were in mourning for the Queen, who was supposed to have been murdered, but who, after the people had worn sackcloth half a year for her sake, emerged safe and sound from the hiding place where she had taken refuge from the pursuit of her wicked father-in-law, Tai-on-Kun.

"For a queen it is customary to mourn twelve months; for parents and nearer kinsfolk, three years. An aged bachelor was asked why he had never taken a wife. 'My parents as well as myself,' he said, 'were desirous that I should marry, and a suitable young lady being found, our betrothal took place. Then my future father-in-law died, and we had, of course, to wait three years. I had scarcely put off my mourning when I had to bewail the loss of my own poor father; necessarily here was another term of three years' waiting. When these were up, the mother of my future wife took sick and expired, and thus we were obliged to delay our marriage another three years. Lastly, I had the misfortune to lose my own dear mother, which naturally caused a further adjournment. So that as four times three makes twelve, that number of years had passed over our heads and made us both the older. At this my betrothed fell ill, and as she was at death's door I went to pay her a last visit. My future brother-in-law met me at the door and said: 'Although you are not formally married, yet perhaps I may for this once look upon you as man and wife; come in and see her.' I had scarcely entered and been face to face with my poor wife than she breathed her last. When I saw this, all thoughts of marriage fled from me, and I have remained a bachelor ever since."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A DELICATE glue for mounting ferns and seaweeds is made of five parts gum-arabic, three parts white sugar, two parts starch, and a very little water, boiled until thick and white.

A good pen-wiper for steel pens is a piece of raw potato; if removes all ink crust and gives a peculiarly smooth flow to the ink. New pens should be passed two or three times through a gas-flame before using, in order to cause the ink to flow freely.

A CHICAGO jeweler has invented a self-winding watch. By an arrangement something like the carefully balanced lever of a pedometer, the watch is wound by the motion of the wearer when walking. A walk of seven minutes will wind the watch to go for forty-two hours.

A NEW safety cartridge for use in coal mines has been introduced by Herr Kosman, of Breslau. The idea is a novel one. Finely divided metallic zinc is placed in a glass tube divided into two parts, one to contain the zinc, the other sulphuric acid. This cartridge is placed in the hole bored to receive it, and, being "clayed," the miner drives an iron rod into the tube, which breaks the contracted part of it. The sulphuric acid is thus brought into contact with the zinc, and a rapid evolution of hydrogen gas takes place.

PROFESSOR LESLEY, of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, estimates the amount of coal in the Pittsburgh region as 30,000,000,000 tons. About 11,000,000 tons are now taken annually from its bed, of which two-thirds are bituminous coal and one-third anthracite. Professor Lesley believes that the oil and gas supply will practically cease ten or twenty years hence. To which the journal of *Light, Heat and Power* says: "Let it cease. If the gas supply of nature holds out at a fair rate for ten years, there will be a dozen different methods of making as good a gas just about as cheap on the spot as the natural gas can be piped for, and, if preferable to pipe the new gases from place to place, the cost will not be much. A sudden stoppage of the natural gas supply will not banish the general use of fuel gas."

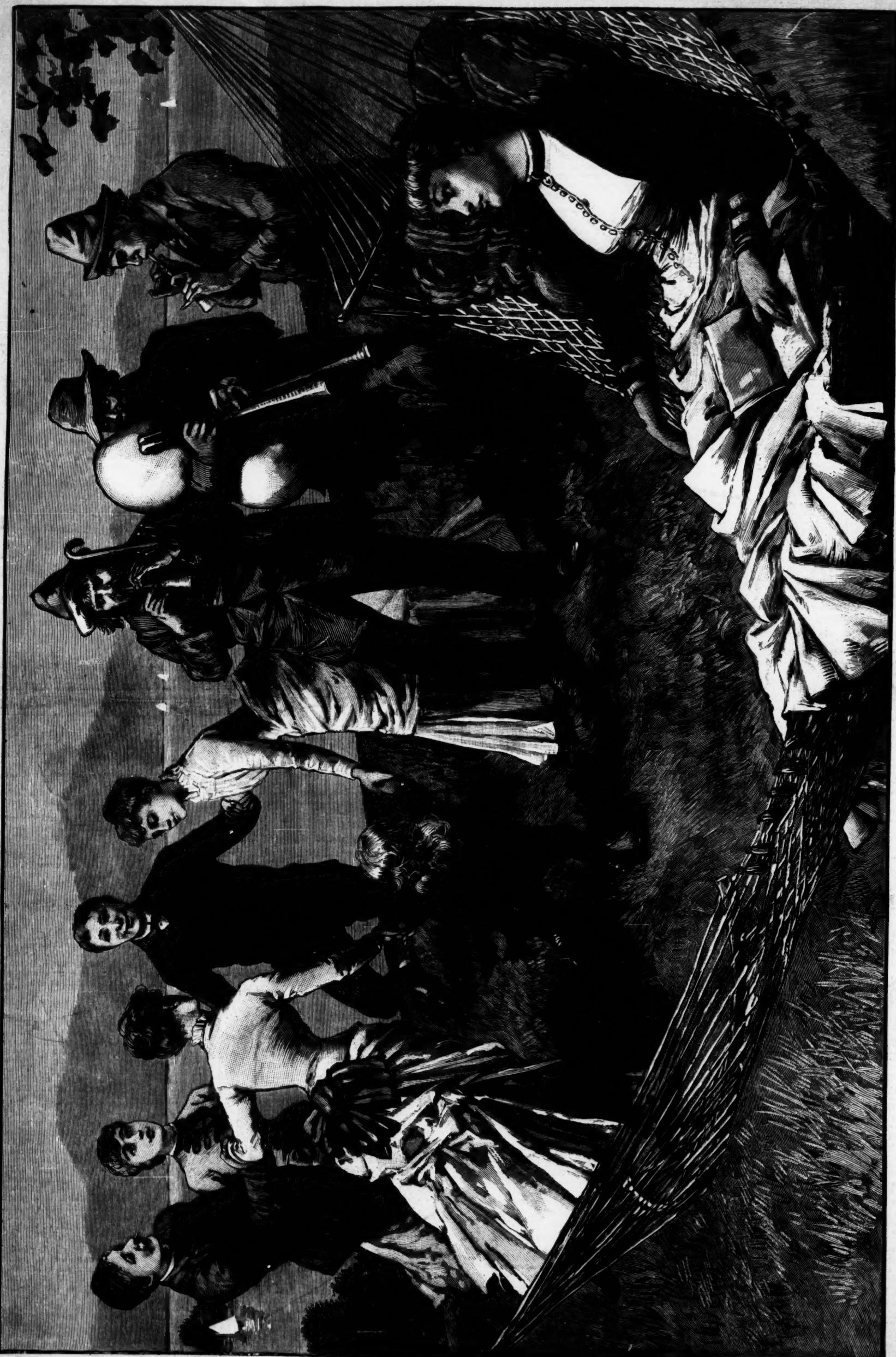
DR. VON GUDDEN, who lost his life in the attempt to prevent the suicide of the late King of Bavaria, was a noted authority in the science of nervous and mental diseases. Investigations have been carried on in his laboratory in the minute anatomy of the brain, spinal cord and sense-organs, which have proved fruitful of results. Among these, he established a method of studying the connections of the nervous system, which consists in extirpating a sense-organ or other part of an animal when young and then allowing the animal to grow up. At death the animal is minutely examined, and the nerve fibres which have failed to develop indicate the paths of nervous connection between the extirpated sense-organ and the brain centre. He had been working for many years by this and other methods to determine the mode of connection between the retina and the brain, but the results of his labor have not yet been made public.

ONE of the most interesting recent discoveries in science is the fact that a ray of light produces sound. A sunbeam is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted, or other substances. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. The beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum or rainbow. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool, or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-MINISTER KASSON is in poor health, but keeps at work at his literary pursuits. THE wife of President Cleveland receives \$20,000 by the will of her late great-grandfather. PERSONS who pretend to know say that Edwin Booth will retire from the stage at the end of next season. MR. THOMAS COGSWELL has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire. MR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, President of the New York Central Railroad, sailed, last week, for an eight weeks' vacation in Europe. HENRY M. STANLEY will begin a lecture tour of the British provinces in October, under the management of the Appleton's bureau. THE French Academy of Science has admitted the first lady professor to membership. She is Miss Sophie Kowalewska, and is a professor of mathematics. MARY ANDERSON's physicians in England have advised her that a year's rest is absolutely necessary to the restoration of her health, which has recently been poor. REV. DR. OZI WILLIAM WHITAKER, a Low Churchman and now Missionary Bishop of Novaya Zembla, has been elected Assistant Bishop of the P. E. Diocese of Pennsylvania. EMIL SCARIA, who was no doubt the greatest living bass singer and one of the finest actors ever seen on the operatic stage, is said by the Vienna papers to be hopelessly insane. MAPLESON announces a season of opera with Patti next Winter, opening in New York on January 2d, and afterwards visiting the principal cities, reaching San Francisco in April. THE Treasurer of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal Company, James A. L. Wilson, last week abandoned his post and disappeared after being detected in robbing the company of over \$600,000 by the fraudulent issue of bonds. LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is one of the hardest election workers in London. Besides assisting her husband in Paddington, where he is a candidate, she makes frequent excursions to other districts to organize and encourage the women of the Primrose League. MRS. LANGTRY's curious dress, worn at the last meet of the Four-in-hand Club, London, when she was accompanied by her father, the dean, promises to set the fashion of the season. It was a gown of an uncommon shade—a deep red-brown, with a very broad Swiss belt, and she had on a queer high hat. HENRY WARD BEECHER was very warmly received at Liverpool, and last week attended the great Liberal meeting there, occupying a seat on the platform. Arriving in London, on the 29th ult., the distinguished divine and Mrs. Beecher were met by Rev. Dr. Parker, pastor of the City Temple, whose guests they will be for the present. THE worries of a Cabinet Minister were pathetically set forth by Prince Bismarck when recently entertaining a schoolboys' excursion at his estate at Lauenberg. He told his juvenile guests: "If you should some day be elected Deputies to the Reichstag, try not to worry the Chancellor in power too much, for it is so much easier to criticise than to govern." THE Republicans of Pennsylvania have nominated General James A. Beaver for Governor, William T. Davies for Lieutenant-governor, Colonel A. Wilson Norris for Auditor, Colonel Thomas J. Stewart for Secretary of Internal Affairs, and General E. S. Osborne for Congressman-at-large. The platform favors the submission of a prohibitory constitutional amendment to the people. SECRETARY MANNING has been greatly improved in health by his sojourn at the Virginia Hot Springs. Except a slight lameness, which is gradually wearing away, he exhibits no traces of his recent illness. His mind is as clear and vigorous as ever; he eats well and sleeps soundly. It is believed by his friends that he will be able, at no distant day, to resume the management of the affairs of the Treasury. IN the room where the late Judge Davis died was a calendar containing a sentiment for each day, which he always read with interest. For Saturday, June 26th, the day he died, it so happened that the passage was from the pen of his friend, President Lincoln, as follows: "God is the only being who has time enough, but a prudent man who knows how to seize occasions can commonly make a shift to find as much as he needs." MR. WILLIAM E. SMITH, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, having resigned, Hon. Hugh S. Thompson, Governor of South Carolina, has been appointed to the vacant place. Governor Thompson was elected in 1882, re-elected in 1884, and is so popular and strong in this State that he has had an excellent chance of filling the office for three consecutive terms. He has great executive ability, and the people believe that he will fill his new position with credit to himself and the State. THE Philadelphia Record says: "The politicians did not like President Lincoln. They would have pushed him aside at the end of the first term if it had lain in their power. The barrier in the way was the confidence reposed in him by the sovereign people. The situation at this time is not dissimilar. President Cleveland has not pleased the politicians, either of his own party or of the opposition; but every day it becomes more and more manifest that the people—both the Democrats who distrusted him—are behind him and backing him. His sturdy honesty pleases them. The wiser politicians, seeing the drift of the popular public, are beginning to hedge."

THE recent visit of Mr. Henry Irving to Oxford University, was marked by notable demonstrations of respect. Everything Oxford could do to honor the actor was done save giving him a degree. He was for three days the guest of the Vice-chancellor, the idol of the students, and the centre of attraction for all Oxford. There were fifteen thousand applications for tickets to hear his admirable lecture on dramatic art, which the three thousand present listened to with delight and cheered with enthusiasm. The undergraduates presented him with an address. Professor Jowett eulogized the art of acting and the artist. The London Press expresses surprise and pleasure that such a reception could be given to a representative actor in the university so lately the home of Conservatives.



NEW YORK—COTTAGE LIFE AT LAKE GEORGE—A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF STROLLING PLAYERS.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 331.



ALABAMA.—HON. THOMAS SEAY, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR.
PHOTOGRAPH BY TURNER.

HON. THOMAS SEAY,
THE COMING GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.

JUDGE THOMAS SEAY, who was nominated by the Democratic Convention, recently held in Montgomery, for the office of Governor of Alabama, was born on the 20th day of November, 1846, in Greene County, that State, and is therefore in his fortieth year. He obtained the rudiments of an education in the schools of his native county, and after serving as a private in the Confederate Army, completed his studies at the Southern University, at Greensboro, Ala., where he graduated in the Class of 1867. He adopted law as his profession, and being admitted to the Bar by the Supreme Court of the State in 1869, has pursued it with success ever since.

In 1874, at a time when the Thirty-second Senatorial District of Alabama was overwhelmingly Republican, he was nominated by the Democrats to lead a forlorn hope against their triumphant opponents. He was defeated in the contest, but largely increased the Democratic vote; in 1876 he was again nominated by the Democratic Party, and was elected by a large majority. Since then he has continually served the State as a Senator without opposition, and now concludes his long term of ten consecutive years as presiding officer of that body. He was a member

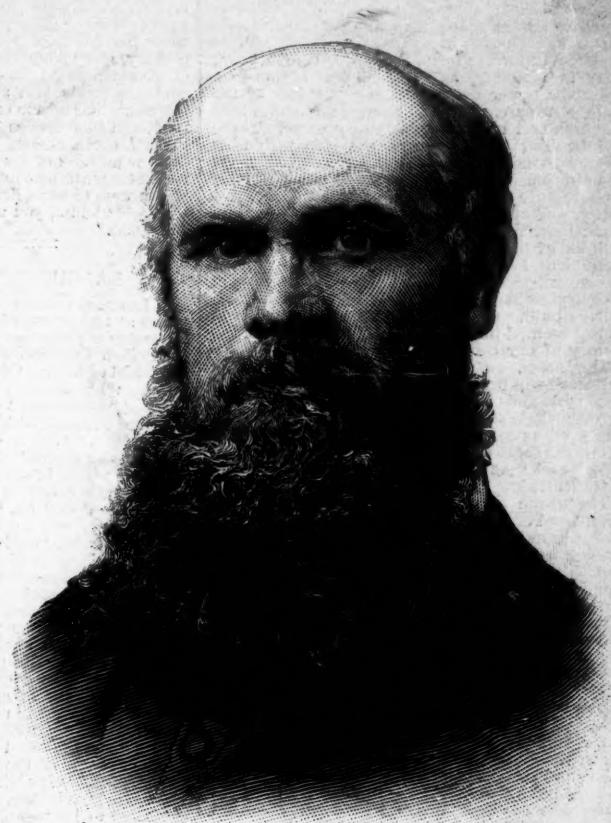
of the National Democratic Convention at Cincinnati in 1880, which nominated General Hancock, and has been prominent in the Party Conventions of his State. He was, by the appointment of the Governor, called to the bench of the Supreme Court as special judge in the year 1885, to determine certain cases which the Court, as constituted, was incompetent to try; a distinction which his learning and his extensive practice justified before the profession. He passed from the Presidency of the Senate to the Governorship (his nomination being equivalent to an election) with long experience as a legislator, and with a reputation for catholicity, for conservatism and for the determined purpose to forward the material advancement of his matchless State.

THE RT. REV. DANIEL S. TUTTLE, S.T.D.,
NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF MISSOURI.

DANIEL SYLVESTER TUTTLE, the new Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, was born in Windham, N. Y., the 26th of January, 1837. He received his collegiate education at Columbia College, this State, graduating therefrom in 1857, and his divinity course at the General Theological Seminary in 1862. The same year—June 29th—he was admitted to deacon's Orders, and July 19th, 1863, he was ordained a priest. While in deacon's Orders he received a call to Morris, N. Y., as assistant rector, and upon the death of the rector, succeeded to the charge of the parish. While ministering in Morris, he married Harriet M. Foote. In 1866 he had conferred upon him the degree of *Sacrae Theologie Doctor* by his *Alma Mater*. In 1867 he was elected Missionary Bishop of the Northwest Territories, embracing Utah, Idaho and Montana. On May 1st (1867), Dr. Tuttle was consecrated Bishop of the new Diocese, in Trinity Chapel, this city, by the venerable Right Rev. Father, Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont; Bishops Potter, of New York; Odeneheimer, of New Jersey; Randall, of Colorado; Kerfoot, of Pennsylvania, and Neeley, of Maine,

joining in the "laying on of hands." The following year (1868) he was elected Bishop of Missouri, but he declined to leave his new field, where he was laboring with great acceptability, and found great personal satisfaction in his work.

The three Territories being too large for the supervision of one Bishop, the vast Territory of Montana was constituted a separate Missionary Diocese in 1880, leaving Utah and Idaho in the jurisdiction of Bishop Tuttle, where he has "roughed it" in and out of season, doing yeoman service for the Church. In 1884 he was appointed representative of Columbia College to the Centenary of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. At the recent Episcopal Convention, held at St. Louis, Dr. Tuttle was elected Bishop of Missouri for the second time, and, under the advice of his friends, it is understood that he has now concluded to accept, although in doing so he will assume control of a much larger field, with increased labor, from the fact that the population is much more dense, and the number of churches in Missouri is as ten to one in the two Territories. He will long be remembered by Episcopalians in Montana, Idaho and Utah as their first Bishop, and by persons of all religious denominations as one who "went about doing good in their midst."



RT. REV. DANIEL S. TUTTLE, P. E. BISHOP OF MISSOURI.
PHOTO. BY ROCKWOOD.

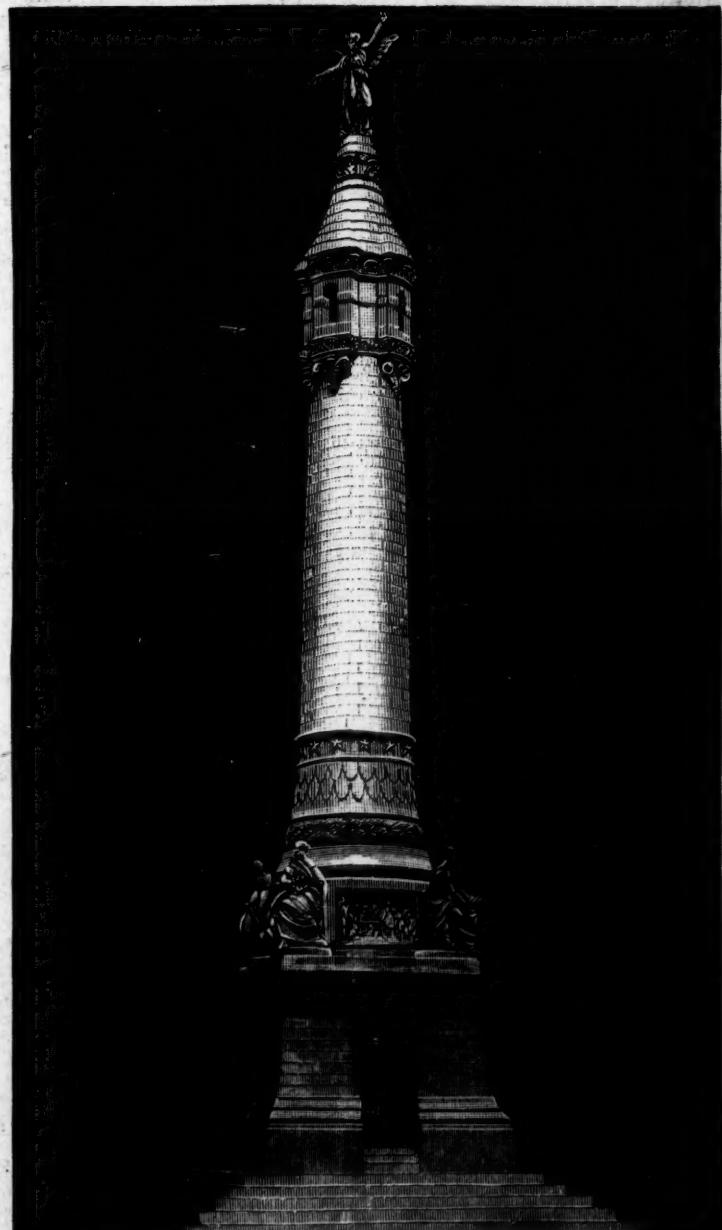
and thence back to the starting-point, making a triangular course of 45 miles. The winners of the Cup in previous years have been as follows: In 1882 and 1883 the schooner-yacht *Montauk*, owned by Mr. Platt; in 1884, the *Greyling*, owned by Mr. Latham Fish; in 1885, the *Fortuna*, owned by Mr. Hoey, of Boston.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE Soldiers' Monument at New Haven, Conn., the corner-stone of which was laid on the 17th ult., will be an imposing granite shaft of about 120 feet in height over all, and will cost about \$50,000. Standing on the top of East Rock, in the new Park, its



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GOELET CUP, TO BE COMPETED FOR BY SCHOONER-YACHTS.



CONNECTICUT.—THE PROPOSED SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT EAST ROCK, NEW HAVEN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

base will be over 400 feet above the level of the sea, affording from its summit a view of the surrounding country for many miles. The lowest part of the monument will consist of five courses of stone in terrace form, the lower course being forty feet square, and the upper twenty-five. Upon the upper course will rest the base of the main structure, which will be square, seventeen feet high and built of split-faced granite. There will be four casemates, one provided with wide folding-doors, while on the other three sides will be imitation or masked doors. At one corner of the structure will stand a life-size figure of Prosperity, and at the other corners will be the figures of History, Victory and Patriotism. These figures will be of bronze. On top of that part of the monument having the casemates, and on which the four emblematical figures will be placed, masonry eight feet high and of elliptical form will be built. On four sides of this masonry will be represented in bass-relief four scenes from the history of our country.

The scene on the front, directly above the entrance, will present Grant at Appomattox. His staff surrounds him. General Lee is near, and between them stands the little table on which the terms of unconditional surrender were signed. Below the scene are the words "Shiloh," "Gettysburg" and "Antietam," and over the top of the entrance below are the figures "1861-1865."

The scene on the opposite side presents the dauntless Perry on Lake Erie, after the thundering of his guns was over and as he sat down to write the celebrated epigram: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." The disabled and shattered English ships are drifting about Lake Erie. "Bridgewater" and "New Orleans" are the words below, while "1812-1815" represent the dates of our second war with Great Britain. On a third side, the scene presented is of Scott going into the Mexican capital, while the words, "Palo Alto," "Monterey" and "Chapultepec" indicate the cities where glorious American victories were won. Below, the dates "1846-1848" appear.

The fourth scene shows the Father of his Country in the foreground as he receives the sword of the vanquished Cornelia, before the lines of exhausted but happy patriots. "Bunker Hill," "Bennington" and "Yorktown" are the words which tell the story of the scene above, and the eight years of hardship and unsurpassed heroism of the Revolutionary War are told by the dates "1775-1783."

Above this section the shaft proper will begin, and continue for 75 feet, at which height it will support the bronze figure of Peace. The shaft is circular and tapers from base to summit, and will be made of faced granite of finer grain than that used for the base of the monument. Several windows will pierce its walls between top and bottom. Around the base of the shaft will be chiseled an encircling wreath. At the top of the shaft will be the observation tower, with four windows, reached by a winding staircase. The roof of the tower will be pagoda-like, and rise in a succession of terraces, constantly decreasing in diameter to the base of the surmounting statue.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

The decrease of the public debt during June amounted to \$9,061,898.

The Bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter has been signed by the President.

The President has nominated John G. Shields, of Michigan, to be Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Arizona.

The Iowa Democratic State Convention, held last week, adopted resolutions demanding the repeal of the prohibitory law and the enactment of a local-option law.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, grandson of the scholar of the same name who became the executive head of the institution in 1795, was last week installed as the twelfth President of Yale College.

THE boat-race at New London, Conn., last week, between the Freshmen crews of Harvard, Yale and Columbia Colleges, was won by Harvard, the Yale boat being sunk in the beginning of the contest.

RICHMOND J. LANE, President of the Abington (Mon.) National Bank, and the Rockland Savings Bank, a shoe manufacturer and a holder of large trusts, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling the funds of the national bank to the amount of \$135,000.

FOREIGN.

THE American fishing-schooner *City Point* entered Shelburne harbor, Nova Scotia, last week, for the purpose of obtaining water, and was seized by the Dominion cruiser *Terror*.

THE new Paris Club for the officers of the French Army and Navy was formally opened last week. It occupies one of the finest sites in the city. Its opening was attended by 8,000 officers.

MR. GLADSTONE was last week elected as member of Parliament for Midlothian in the new House of Commons. Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, the Nationalist leader, and Mr. Maurice Healy (Nationalist), have both been returned to Parliament for divisions of Cork. There was no opposition to their election.

ADVICES continue to be received by the Church Missionary Society of London concerning the massacre of missionaries in foreign parts. Recent letters from Golbante, Lower East Africa, report the murder of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, of Stockport, Lancashire, both well-known earnest missionaries, by the marauding tribe called Massai. Mr. Houghton was speared to death while running to the mission-house to assist his wife, whose screams he had heard. At Annan two hundred Christians have been massacred during the past month, and five hundred Christian refugees have arrived at Saigon.

MR. PARNELL'S SUBURBAN RETREAT.

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Any of Mr. Parnell's neighbors would be able to tell you that his home, for the present at any rate, is in the picturesque village of Eltham, in Kent, about eight miles from Charing Cross. The railway offices, whose ignorance of everything that does not run on wheels is exhaustive, may know nothing about him, but otherwise there is no mystery about the little brick, semi-detached suburban villa which rejoices in the name of Womersh Lodge. Womersh Lodge is the house of Captain O'Shea. London is so great a place that almost anybody except Mr. Gladstone may walk about unrecognized, and possibly the fact that Mr. Par-

nell's personal appearance changes so often, according as he wears his beard long or short, may account for the circumstances that people are not aware of his nightly trips for repose into the country, away from the atmosphere of the House of Commons. At Eltham station his brougham generally meets him and takes him back in the morning. Of course one would not expect that so busy, and therefore so fatigued, a man would show himself much among these villagers, who know little or nothing of his doings, but there exists an emphatic sentiment in his favor among them, and if you were to come down to Eltham and question them about him, you would hear nothing of him but good."

LABOUCHERE THE CYNIC.

A LONDON correspondent of the *Boston Record* writes: "In his youth Labouchere was in the diplomatic service, and was for some time an *attaché* of the British Legation at Washington. There is a story told of him at this period of his career which indicates his nonchalance and disposition for a joke. A visitor called one day at the Legation to see the British Minister. 'He is not in,' said Labouchere. 'Never mind; I'll take a seat and wait till he comes.' The visitor was handed a chair, on which he sat for about an hour, when he became rather restive and consulted his watch. 'Look here,' said he, 'I can't wait for ever; how much longer will he be?' 'Well,' said the impudent *attaché*, 'he left for Canada this afternoon, and I expect him back in about six weeks.' During his diplomatic career Labouchere saw men and cities, and doubtless had many opportunities for observing the shadier side of human character. No man of our time has had more varied knowledge of the world, and it is no wonder he became a cynic. But there is no bitterness in his cynicism; it is of a gay and light order. Under the outward garb of cynicism and light railing, there is, if I mistake not, a large fund of genuine human feeling. Mr. Labouchere's constant exposure of abuses and injustice, especially in the administration of the law, is beyond all praise. Every faithless public officer, every stupid or vindictive magistrate, every unfair judge, will be subjected to his merciless criticism; and his pen is always ready to support the cause of the injured and the weak. He is specially severe on glutinous aldermen and on the forces of bumbledom; and never a week goes by without some fresh exposure of these people in the columns of *Truth*.

In personal appearance Mr. Labouchere is of middle height, with hair somewhat tinged with gray (he is fifty-five years old), and with a decidedly intellectual face. He always looks like a man who has tested all things and found them vanity; for at times there is a most melancholy expression on his face, while at other times humorous cynicism is the prominent expression. He always wears a black frock-coat, buttoned all the way, and puts one hand in his pocket while speaking. His voice is not very strong, but clear and good. He has probably consumed more cigarettes than any other man in England; and he is, strange to say, a water-drinker."

FIGURES TALK.

FROM 1880 till 1885 the total importation of champagne to this country, distributed among nearly fifty brands, was 1,502,582 cases, or 18,030,744 bottles. G. H. Mumm & Co.'s champagnes were almost one-third the entire importation of this period, being 431,723 cases, or 5,180,676 bottles. MUMM'S EXTRA DRY has the lead everywhere.

LITERARY NOTE.

THE June number of the *LADIES' HOME JOURNAL* contains the opening chapters of a new domestic story, written for its columns by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Among other articles this number contains "The Tea Table, and How to Make it Attractive," by Christine Terhune Herrick. Mrs. Louisa Knapp, as editor of the *Philadelphia LADIES' HOME JOURNAL*, has met with most remarkable success in building up that paper to a circulation of over two hundred thousand paid subscribers in less than two years, by her rare tact and genius in catering to the home instincts of her sex, in the rich feast of good things set before her readers every month. The *JOURNAL* is a perfect gem, handsomely printed and illustrated, and employs only the best writers, such as Harriet Prescott Spofford, Marion Harland, Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick (Marion Harland's daughter), Mrs. J. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, Mary Abbott Raab, Helen Winslow, John's Wife, Clarissa Potter, Helen Ayre, Charity Snow, and others.—*The N. Y. Journalist*.

FUN.

A COLLEGE year is like one of those "hoop" snakes, it has its commencement so near the end.—*Lowell Courier*.

AN elevator-boy died the other day. Cause, concussion of the brain. Some one had thanked him.—*Bo ton Transcript*.

EDUCATED tramps are rare. They always say, "I see some wood." They never put it, "I saw some wood."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

BISMARCK will soon go to Kissenger.—*Exchange*. If he goes to kissing her while Mrs. Bismarck is around we may expect to hear of a family row.—*Philadelphia Call*.

OWING to the strained relations between the two countries, Canadian mammas who visit American beaches will not be permitted to fish in our matrimonial waters.—*Lowell Citizen*.

PEOPLE who throw rice and old shoes at weddings need to be told that several serious accidents have resulted from the practice. If you must throw something, throw a good-sized check at the groom.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, who doubtless considers himself of the salt of the earth, was lately entertained at dinner by William Pepper, of Philadelphia. It can be surmised that there was a sufficiency of seasoning.

MRS. CLEVELAND possesses sixteen trunk-loads of wearing apparel. And yet the good book says the body is more than the raiment. Society women must have gone flying light in those times.—*Boston Transcript*.

"GOING away this Summer?" he asked, as they met on the *Campus Martius* for a moment. "Well, I've made a start towards it." "Selected the place?" "No—borrowed \$100 at eight per cent."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A ROCKLAND man killed a cow last week and found a darning-needle imbedded in the flesh near the heart. The cow had evidently accomplished the hitherto impossible feat of finding a needle in a haystack.—*Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette*.

SUMMER RESORTS.—A fan, ice-water, Beer, A seersucker coat, A hammock, The front steps, The back part of the house after closing the front blinds, The ice-cream saloon, Your uncle, An umbrella, The seaside, Suicide—*Merchant Traveler*.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

ONE OF THE BEST TONICS.

DR. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia Medica and Dermatology in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."

IN NEW QUARTERS.

MESSRS. LORD & THOMAS, of Chicago, the well-known and popular Advertising Agents, have removed to new quarters, which are so spacious, so elegant, and so original and novel in their appointments, that they deserve more than a passing notice. The building, Nos. 45, 47 and 49 Randolph St., between State and Wabash Ave., is at once the most striking in appearance and the most elegant in Chicago; built of sandstone, it is 70 by 176 feet, practically fireproof, and lighted on four sides. Three large elevators and two spacious stairways give abundant facilities for passengers and freight. Messrs. LORD & THOMAS occupy the entire third floor, giving them a superficial area of nearly 12,000 square feet. This beautifully lighted room is unbroken by partitions, save a private office in one corner, thus bringing the entire working force of about sixty clerks into one spacious room—certainly the largest office of any advertising agency in the country, if not the largest business office of any kind on the continent. The various departments are so arranged that the work passes along with almost mechanical regularity. While the entire appointments are elegant, the filing department is arranged on an entirely new principle, which amounts to an important invention. Heretofore advertising agents have filed their newspapers in wooden pigeon-holes, which not only excluded the light, but caught and retained the dust, and thus proved a nuisance. The new filing department of Messrs. LORD & THOMAS is made entirely of wire work: a separate compartment is made for each newspaper, magazine and periodical in the U. S. and Canada, about 14,000 in all. The various sections are suspended from the ceiling, and hang clear of the floor, leaving a space under each one so that the entire floor can be swept. Space will not permit us to describe this important improvement in detail. The principles upon which it is constructed will be covered by letters patent. The Chicago Safe and Lock Co. have constructed for the firm one of the largest safes ever built in Chicago. Our friends who wish to see a copy of our paper when in Chicago can always find it on file at the Agency of MESSRS. LORD & THOMAS.

"THAT Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"She has catarrh so bad, it is unpleasant to be near her. She has tried a dozen things, and nothing helps her. I am sorry, for I like her; but that doesn't make it any less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now, if she had used DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, there would have been nothing of the kind said, for it will cure catarrh every time.

THE REV. JOHN SCARLETT, East Orange, N. J., writes: "My wife has been cured of erysipelas of long standing by PALMER'S SKIN-SUCCESS. One acquaintance who had Barber's Itch, and a number of others who suffered from different skin diseases, have also been perfectly cured by its use."

DO NOT go to the country without a bottle of ANGOSTURA BITTERS to flavor your Soda and Lemonade, and keep your digestive organs in order. Be sure it is the genuine ANGOSTURA of world-wide fame, and manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

* * * * * NERVOUS debility, premature decline of power in either sex, speedily and permanently cured. Large book, 10 cents in stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE August number of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine* will appear the first of a series of papers by Mr. Thomas Powell, entitled "Leaves from My Life." Mr. Powell is an octogenarian *littérateur* now living in retirement. He was personally intimate with the foremost poets and prose-writers of the past and present generations, including Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Southey, Joanna Baillie, Basil Montague, Egerton Webbe, Southwood Smith, Lord Brougham, Sergeant Talfourd, Charles Knight, Miss Mitford, Edward Irving, Edward Moxon, the publisher; Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, R. H. Horne, Walter Savage Landor, Carlyle, Dickens, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Alfred Domest, Tennyson, and many others whose names are famous in English literary circles. The "Leaves" will contain reminiscences and personal anecdotes, and be practically a sort of chronicle of London literary life. The first "Leaf" deals with Coleridge, and Charles and Mary Lamb.

OLD BACHELOR (to proud young mother): "Does your baby walk?" Young Mother: "Oh, indeed he does! He has been walking three months." Old Bach (reflectively): "Three months! He must have traveled a long way by this time."—*Burling-ton Free Press*.

BARTHOLDI'S STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

Will be a reminder of personal liberty for ages to come. On just as sure a foundation has DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" been placed, and it will stand through the cycles of time as a monument to the physical emancipation of thousands who, by its use, have been relieved from consumption, consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and other throat and lung affections.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail to address with stamp, naming this paper.

W. A. NOTES, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Lactated Food

THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, it is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine.

Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & CO., 57 Murray St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents, 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Proprietors, New York.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal." —Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff." —Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

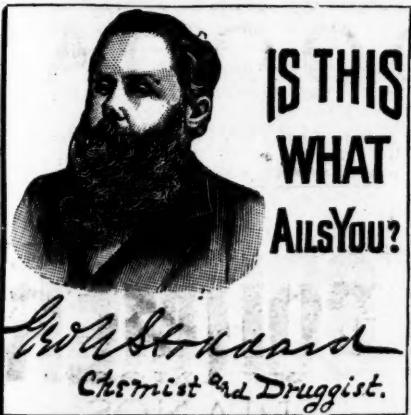
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain. —William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.



Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness and bloating after eating, or sense of "gonesness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning and a constant feeling of dread, as if something awful was about to happen?

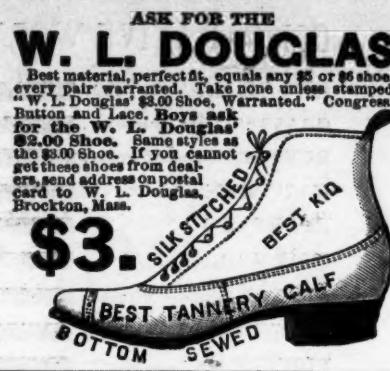
If you have any or all of the symptoms, send 36 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1226 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will tell you what ails you, and send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy directions, which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (48) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

The Cincinnati CHRISTIAN STANDARD says: "We have seen testimonies from sufferers, and they all verify the good results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for eighteen years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention."

N. Y. BASEBALL CLUB'S PHOTOGRAPH for 25c. Send for Catalogue of the Principal Athletes of the Day. Free. JOHN WOOD, 208 Bowery, New York City.

\$5000 PAID For a certain Coin of 1848. Big sums are paid by us for many dates of old coins, such as \$500 for 1804 dollar, \$15 for 1858 dollar, \$35 for 1827 quarter, \$1 for 1866 cent, etc. Big prices for 1883 nickels, cents with eagles on them, 1877 cents, and 43; other dates. See our New Coin Guide. Worth dollars, perhaps a fortune, to you. Price, Ten Cents. A 6-mos. subscription to the American Home Journal FREE with every Guide. All for 10 Cents. W. E. SKINNER & CO., Lynn, Mass.



KANSAS CITY, MO.

Population in 1865, 5,000; in 1885, 145,000!

THE MOST PROSPEROUS CITY IN THE WORLD

An Absolutely Safe Way to Make Money—No Speculation; Positive Security.

The Most Reliable and Best Investment in the World To-day is Real Estate in Kansas City.

The unparalleled increase of trade and population makes city and suburban property here the safest, surest and best investment that can be obtained.

Lots that sold a few years since for \$500 are today worth \$5,000.

This great railroad centre and Metropolis of the Far West, situated at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, commanding, as it does, the ever-increasing trade of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Colorado, New Mexico and Mexico, is only in its infancy.

We sell lots on monthly or quarterly payments. No other investments on the globe can show such profits as Kansas City real estate has paid in the past ten years.

Plots of additions, maps of city, full particulars and terms of payment, furnished on application.

T. J. GREEN & CO., Real Estate,

KANSAS CITY, MO.

REFERENCES: BANK OF KANSAS CITY, BANK OF COMMERCE.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 338, 161. For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

ANCHOR LINE

U. S. MAIL STEAMERS

Sail every SATURDAY from New York for GLASGOW, VIA LONDONDERRY. CIRCASSIA, July 10, 1 P.M. ANCHORIA, July 24, 11 A.M. ETHIOPIA, July 17, 6 A.M. DEVONIA, July 31, 5 A.M. Cabin passage, \$45 & \$55. Sec. class, \$30. Return, \$55.

JOINT EXPRESS SERVICE, NEW YORK to LIVERPOOL.

VIA QUEENSTOWN.

CITY OF ROME sails Wed., July 21; Aug. 12. AMERICA sails Wednesday, Sept. 1. And every alternate Wednesday thereafter. Saloon passage, \$60, \$70 and \$80. Second class, \$35. Steerage at Lowest Rates.

For Cabin Plans and all other information, apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, 7 Bowling Green, N. Y.

EAGLE NO 2¹/₂ ROUND & HEXAGON GOLD PENCILS.

The Best Pencil for Free Hand Drawing, School, Mercantile and General Uses.

Our Fine Arts—the most perfect Pencil made. Graded 6B to 6H. 15 degrees.

Slate Pencils in Wood. Pen-holders in all Styles.

Automatic Pencils with Black Copying Ink and Colored Leads.

Magic Knives. Glove Buttoners.

Send 15c. stamps for samples. Mention the paper.

EAGLE PENCIL CO., New York.

SPRATT'S PATENT DOG CAKES,

Genuine Poultry, Pigeon

& Cattle Foods,

HORSE CONSTITUTION POWDERS,

Prairie Meat Crissel

AND

Celebrated Dog and

Pigeon Soaps.

STAMPED. For Sale by all First-class Grocers and Dealers in Sportsman's Supplies.

The Original English Dog & Poultry Medicines

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Factory, 238-243 E. 36th St., New York.

Circulars Post Free on Application.

DOWN TOWN DEPOT, 18 SO. WILLIAM ST.

Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free.

Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Circulars Free.

Price, entire, \$5. Send \$1 for Harvest for Agents.

for sample section to RICE'S BRANCH BUREAU.

Washington, N. J.

Circulars Free.

Price, entire, \$5. Send \$1 for Harvest for Agents.

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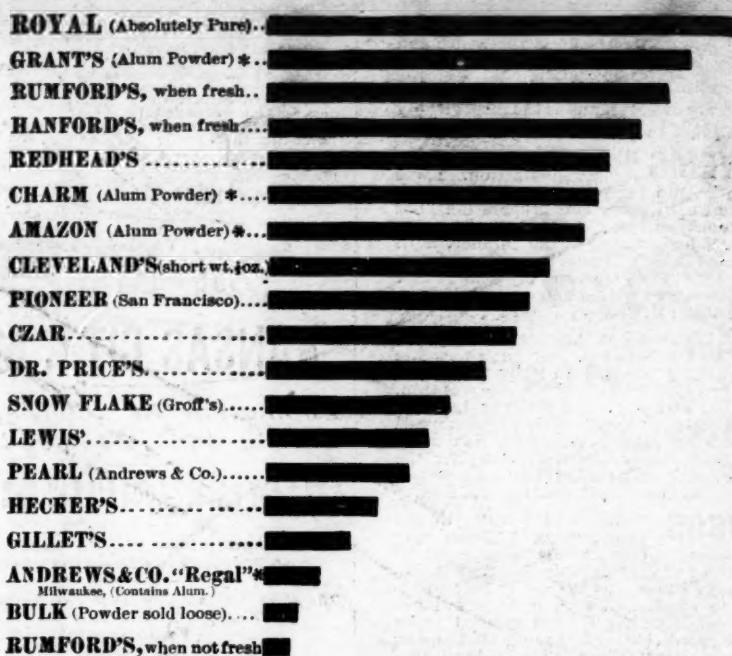
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COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances." E. G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure." H. A. MOTT, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance." HENRY MORTON, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome." S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

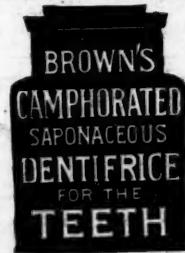
The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, New York, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.

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